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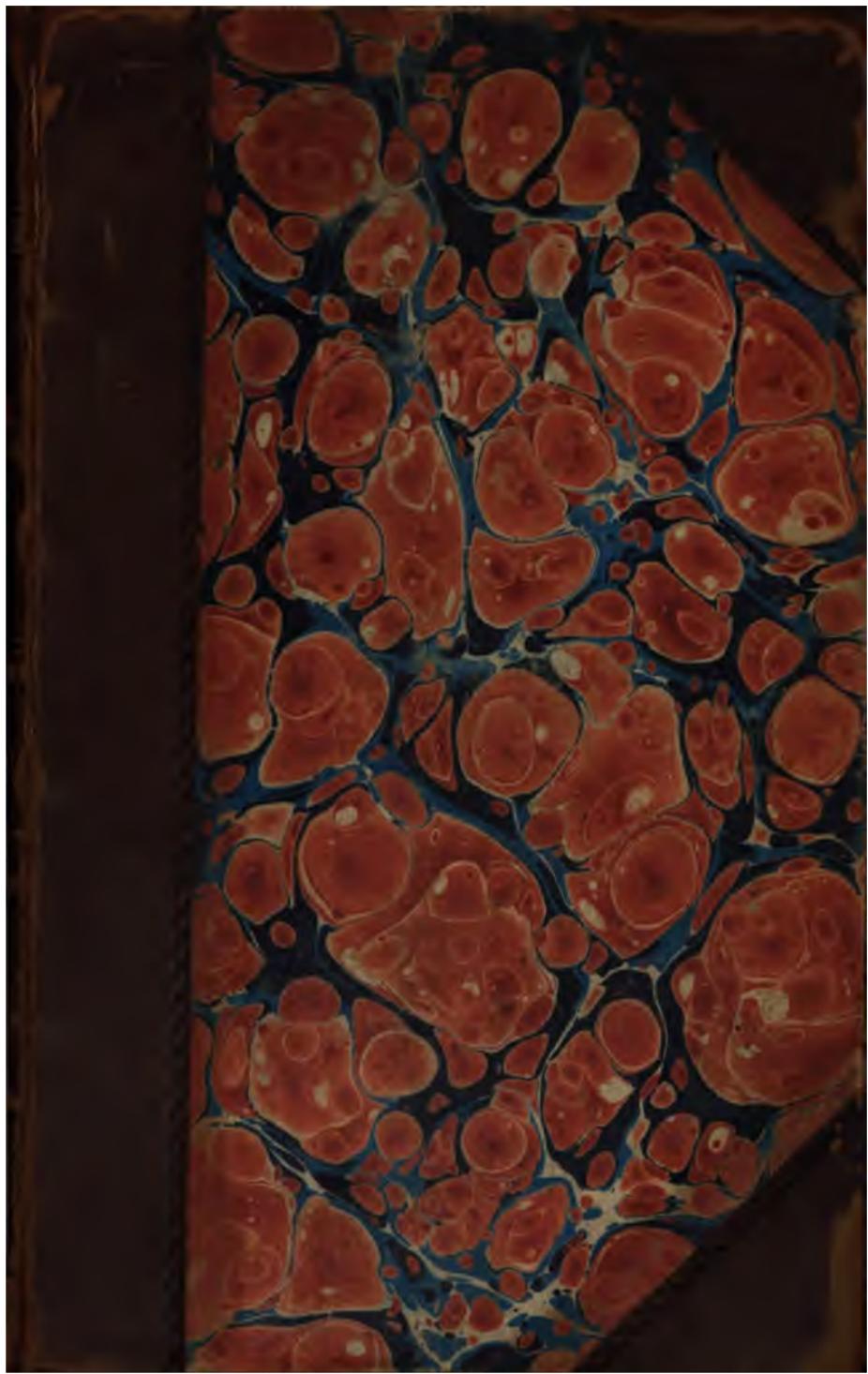
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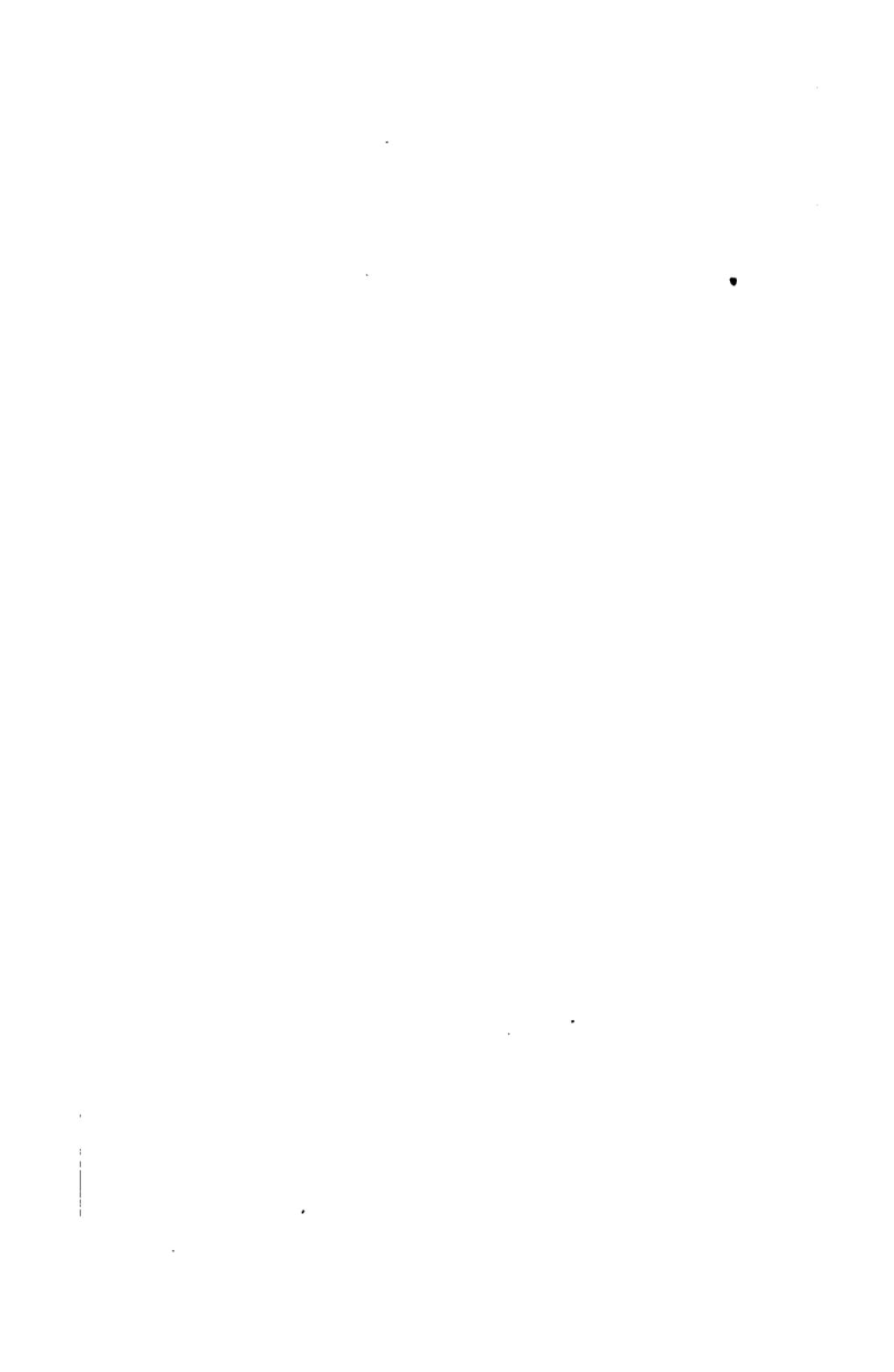


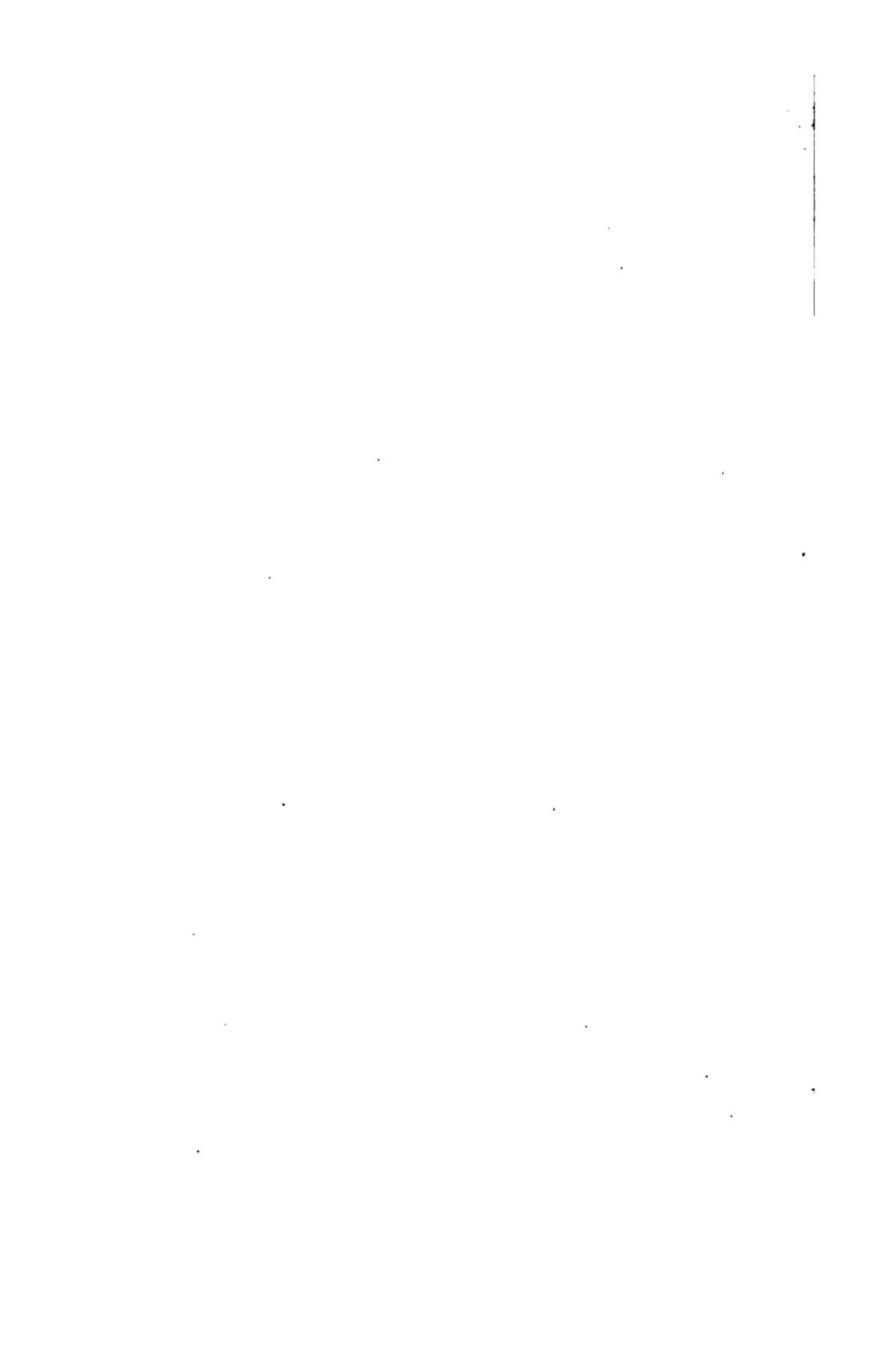
1840.

151.









The Death of Abel,

DONE INTO BLANK VERSE

FROM THE TRANSLATION, BY MRS. MARY COLLYER

IN 1761,

OF THE ORIGINAL GERMAN BY SOLOMON GESNER

IN 1758.

BY M. B. C.

LONDON:

J. HATCHARD AND SON, PICCADILLY;

J. H. PARKER, OXFORD; AND GRANT AND BOLTON, DUBLIN.

1840.

151.



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THE VERSIFIER'S PREFACE.

*The present little work was begun by accident—
continu'd in hope—and ended in fruition.*

To us, of the generation which is passing away, it may be consider'd as a familiar friend ; but to the generation which is rising around us, it is probably a new acquaintance : and to both it will have the advantage of appearing with a new face.

Should the former be led by curiosity to a re-perusal of it, or the latter find amusement and instruction therein, the object of the compiler will be amply obtain'd.

M. B. C.

1840.

THE TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

The work from which this is attempted, was written by Mr. Gesner, of Zurich in Switzerland. The rapidity of the sale does honour to the taste of the Swiss and the Germans ; it having pass'd through three editions in one year. The subject is the Death of Abel, which is the most remarkable event recorded in the sacred history from the Fall to the Deluge. The poet has had the art to interest us in the distresses of our first-parents and their immediate descendants, by the lively and affecting manner in which he manages the passions, and by the graces and truth which he throws into his paintings while he describes the simple manners of the first inhabitants of the earth.

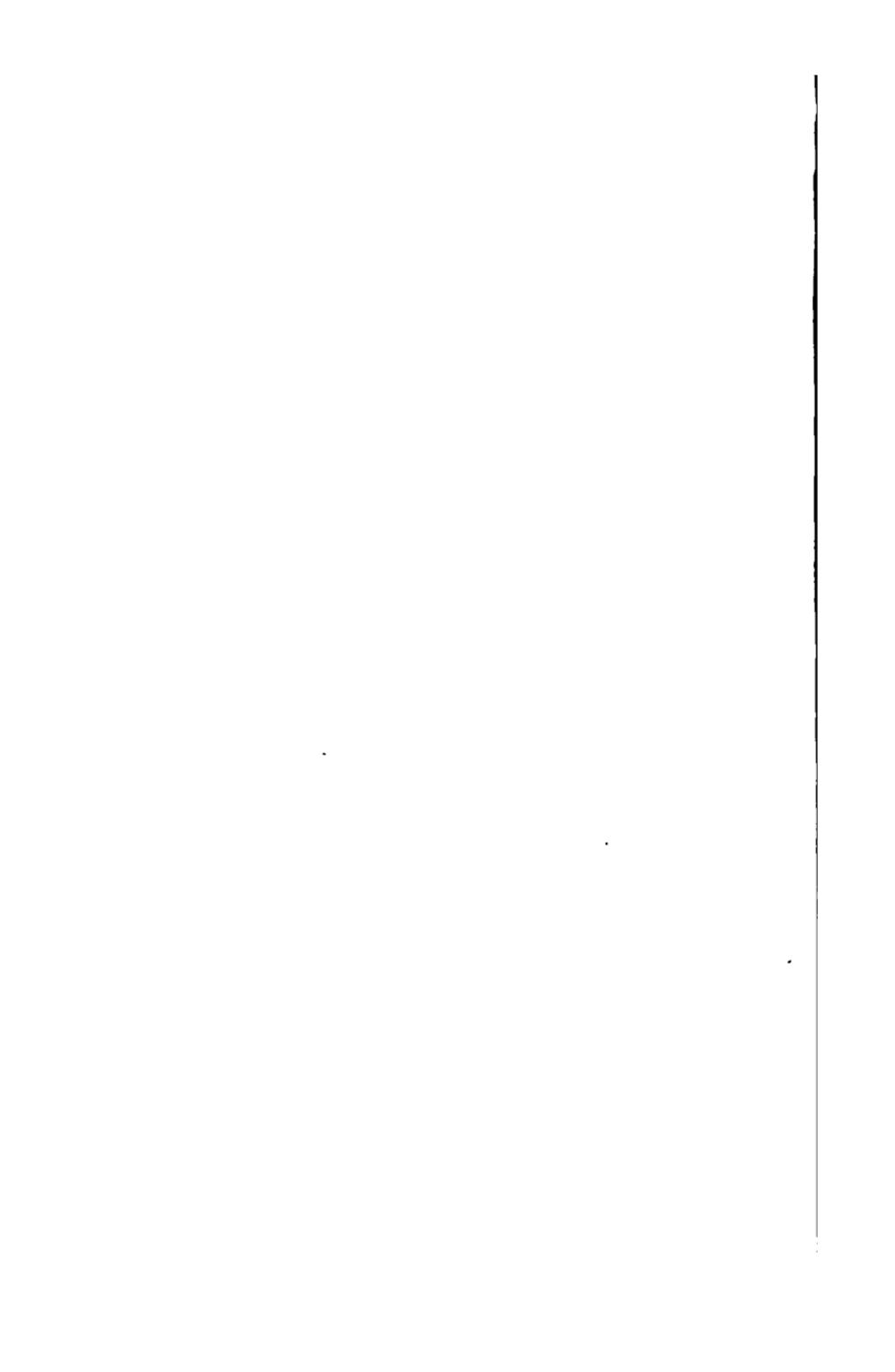
All our Author's works, of which this is the first that has been translated into English, are written in a kind of loose poetry, unshackl'd by the tagging of rhymes or counting of syllables. This method of writing seems perfectly suited to the German language, and is of a middle species between verse and prose: it has the beauties of the first, with the ease of the last. It is not, however, peculiar to Mr. Gesner; for in this manner the great Fenelon wrote his Telema-chus, of which the Public has been favor'd with an elegant translation by the able hand of Dr. Hawkesworth.

Of this attempt I am not qualified to speak: were I to decry it, I should be deem'd guilty of affectation; if sincere, I should be certainly arrogant and rude in offering it to the Public; and to praise it would be presumption. But I will venture to say, that I flatter myself my copy has escap'd any glaring deformity, though it may want many of the almost inimitable graces of the charming original. That painter must be indeed a dauber, who could make a disagreeable picture while he attempted to copy a Raphael

or a Titian. Such as it is, I leave it to the candour of the reader ; believing that, notwithstanding the loud cry of universal depravity, no one will, without just cause, and in mere wantonness of cruelty, condemn the assiduous efforts of a female pen.

MARY COLLYER.

1761.



THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I now venture on a more sublime subject than has hitherto employ'd my pen, from a desire of knowing whether my abilities will bear a further trial. This is a curiosity which ought to influence every man. The public are too apt to discourage a young poet who has succeeded in one branch of poetry, and are for confining him to that only, in which he has been once successful, as his ne plus ultra; as if that alone were the very thing in which he could show the whole strength of his genius, when, perhaps, some external circumstance or mere accident, rather than any particular impulse, determin'd his choice.

Though a poet who attempts the sublimer parts of poetry were not entitl'd to regard from the public, he would find himself amply rewarded in the happy execution of his voluntary task. To revolve a vast variety of things—to trace the motives of actions to their original source—to draw characters—and through intricate occurrences gradually to open interesting events—is attended with a thousand pleasures. Nature is to him an inexhaustible magazine, whence true genius collects every material which can embellish his favourite object: then is the whole mind in action; and talents are awaken'd, which would very probably have otherwise lain dormant and unknown.

But it will be said—at this rate we shall have nothing to read but epic poems and tragedies. Those who are apprehensive of such a misfortune should know that, when I say such compositions will give greater and more various pleasures than little pieces to the poet, I mean it will also be the same with the reader. However, few have leisure or inclination for large performances: most men are taken up with occupations of a

different nature : many will chuse to pay their addresses to a less coy mistress than the epic muse : and I dare prophesy we shall never be without masterpieces in every branch of poetry. Far be it from me to deprecate the light and sportive works of fancy ; for though I wish for more Homers, I yet think Æsop and Anacreon cannot be too much admir'd.

Some will be astonish'd, and others offended, that I have taken for my subject a Scripture History. The latter, I will suppose, are somewhat advanc'd in years ; and have, by being immers'd in business and in the arduous task of growing rich, been prevented from looking into new books : these have a zeal for the honour of their religion, and retain all the prejudices they imbib'd in their youth against poetry ; having drawn their knowledge of that divine art from specimens which, a very few excepted, were neither worthy to be known or valued. A poet, in the times of their youth, was esteem'd, even by sensible Germans, only as a droll fellow, a kind of buffoon. But to those who have perused the Bible with so little sense of its beauties as to

make a sin of this undertaking, I have nothing to say : they must be void of taste ; and to reason with them would be as ridiculous as to carry a lantern before the blind. It is to those who are capable of reflection I would now address myself. I would wish these to observe that the works which made poets be consider'd in a contemptible light, were written in an age when poetry was in its wretched declension, and far from its original and genuine dignity. It has always been in the retinue of Religion, and is of no small service to it ; being the most energetic method of conveying sentiments of virtue and devotion. It affords a noble delight to the understanding—it improves the heart—and excites to whatever is becoming and praiseworthy. But to answer these salutary purposes, even when it relaxes and sports, its wit must be decent and pure, and have a tendency to create a contempt for ribaldry and profaneness. Poetry of the loose kind I despise and detest from my very soul.

Under the conduct of prudence, virtue, and good manners, poetry may be allow'd to take its

subject from the great truths of our holy religion. What can be more proper for the exercise of genius than the sacred history? As Christians, we assent to its truth: as Christians, we are all equally concern'd in its important events. The poet, if he have the happy art of illustrating the characters he draws from divine history with what is probable and pleasing, and placing them in an instructive view, will have an opportunity of conveying, in the clearest and most striking manner, the salutary influences of religion and piety into the hearts of all classes of men, and will be read by people in every situation. If this be attempted by a head unequal to the task; such compositions, I allow, may do more harm than good: but is not this equally the case with all injudicious expositions?

This liberty with the sacred history has been used in all nations; and among us, even at the time of the Reformation, none took umbrage at the dramatic pieces taken from the scriptures: these were publicly allow'd, though their principal merit was the good intention of their authors, the poetry being far from elegant.

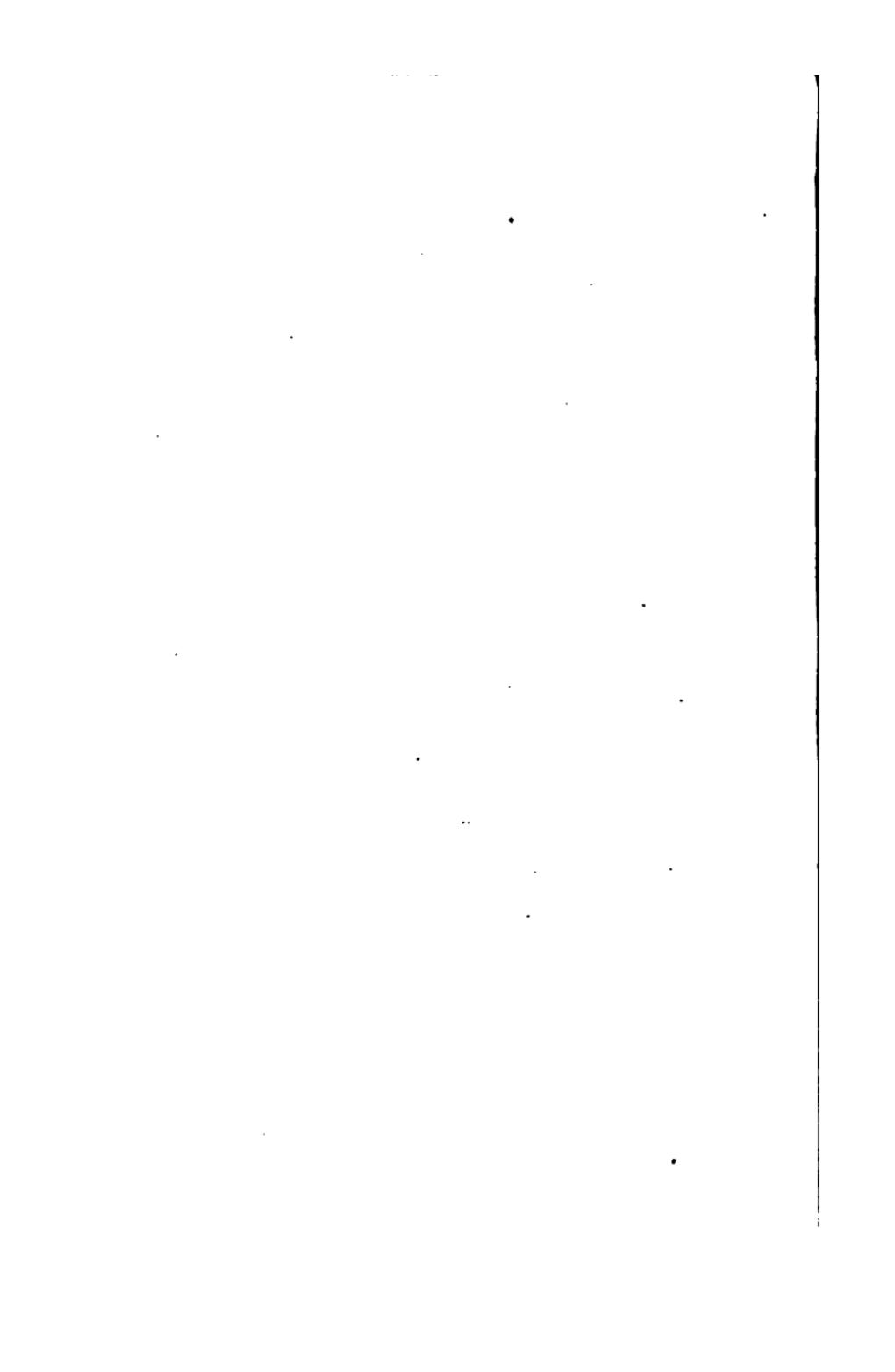
But a new objector starts up and cries—at this rate the Bible will become a mere fable. I would ask him if this has been the fate of profane history. Homer and Virgil took the subject of their poems from ancient history; but who ever thought of adjusting those histories by their poems? or who ever, in reading their works, imagin'd them to be historians, or consider'd them in any other light than as poets.

There is yet another class of people to whom I must pay my court: these are they who are too excessively polite to relish heroes who have a sense of piety; who talk of religion, who are serious, and affect neither raillery nor wit. Characters drawn from those exhibited in the days of thinking, must make a strange appearance to these sons of fashion. Such manners! Such conversation! To them my heroes will appear as odd creatures as those of Homer did to the French, who were offended that they were not Frenchmen. To these slaves of mode I would whisper it as a secret, that being myself young, and, like them, fond of applause, I will, in order to obtain their suffrages, which

are of mighty importance to my happiness, give this subject a new dress:—I will introduce an amorous intrigue, for what is an epic poem without a love adventure? Abel shall be a languishing petit-maitre—Cain a rough captain of Cossacks—and nothing shall come from the lips of Adam, which is not in character with a hoary Frenchman hackney'd in the ways of the world.

SOL. GESNER.

1758.



THE
DEATH OF ABE L.

INTRODUCTION.

IN still repose now rest, mellifluous pipe :
No more I wake thy simple wood-notes wild,
Nor chaunt the manners of the rustic swain.
Fain would I raise my voice to bolder strains,
And in harmonious lays rehearse the deeds
Which follow'd fearfully the dreadful fall
Of our primeval parents.
Fain would I celebrate the fate of him
Who fell beneath a brother's murd'rous hand—
Paid the first penalty of woe-born man—
And mingl'd blood with dust !

Come thou, Enthusiasm, that fill'st the soul
Of the rapt poet when the ev'ning spreads
Her mantle o'er the earth, by some thick grove
Or by some murmuring stream where Luna sheds
Her pure pale light, in contemplation lost,
And add to all thy powers the wider range
Of bold Imagination's spreading wing,
To pass the region of created things,
And, fir'd with higher transport, more divine,
To penetrate the realms of things unseen,
And bring to mental sight a clearer view
Of things all-marvellous and beautiful.

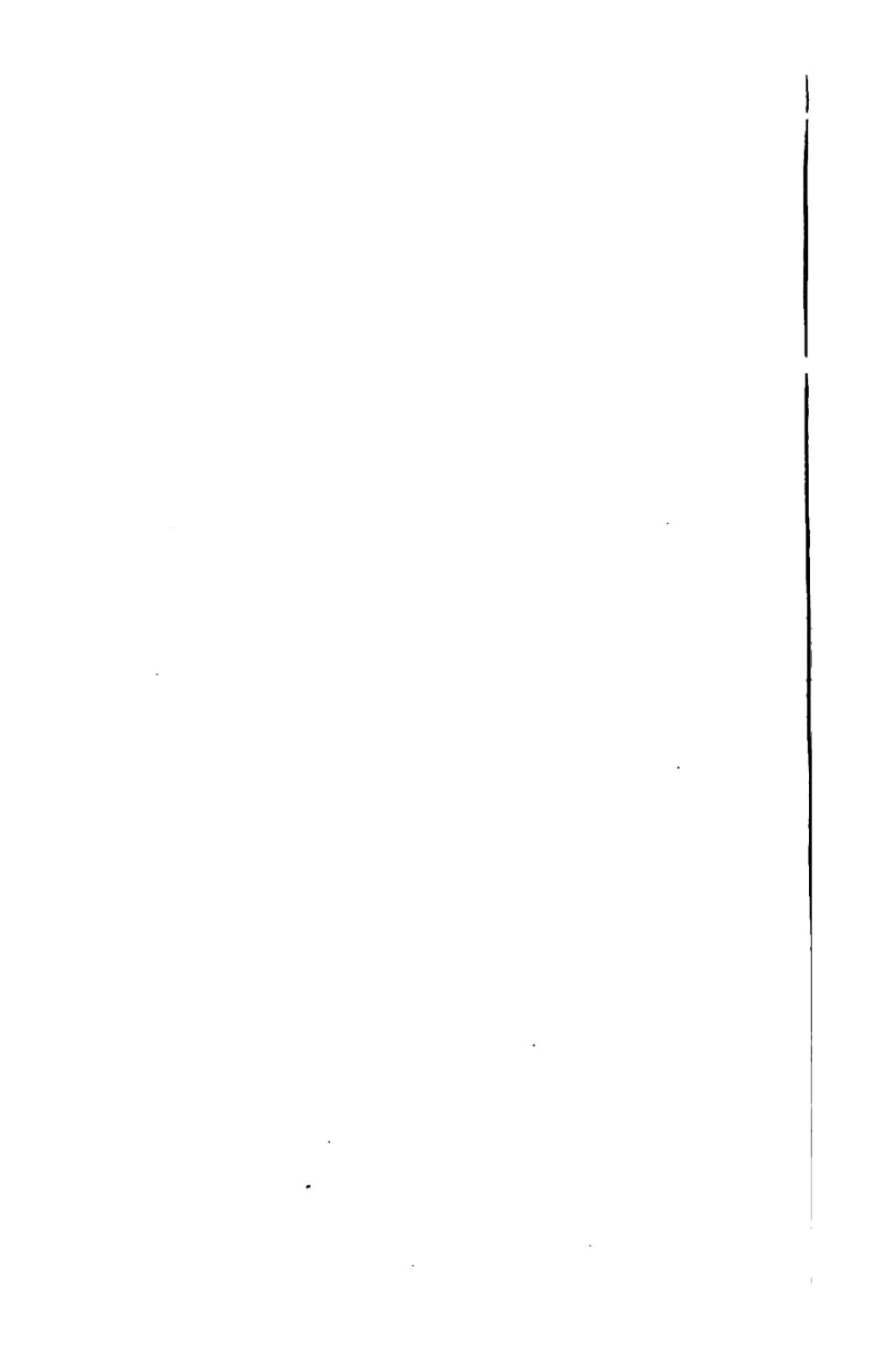
With treasure loaded, like the busy bee,
She then arranges all her gather'd store,
And with such choice and apt economy
As reason gives, assorts the several parts
To harmony, and moulds them to her will.

Delightful task, and laudable employ—
To watch the grasshopper's nocturnal song
Until the rising of the morning star,
And cull sweet flowers of sentiment to move
The yielding heart to virtuous thoughts and deeds.

All hail to him who thus devotes his powers :
Posterity shall crown such Poet's urn,
And shield his name from dull forgetfulness,
While the proud trophies of the Conqueror,

Or prouder mausoleum of the Tyrant,
Shall stand alone amidst the desert's waste
And moulder into ignominious dust.

Though not to all who venture on this course,
And task themselves to such ennobling themes,
Is given the power to execute them well ;
Yet is the purpose worthy ; and the attempt
Deserving of all praise :—then be it mine
Thus to employ my leisure in the day—
Thus consecrate the lonely hours of night.



CANTO I.

THE tranquil hours had ting'd Aurora's cheek
With roseate hues, and hovering vapours roll'd
Their misty wreaths from the o'ershadow'd earth ;
And Sol began to dart his radiant beams
Above the cedars on the mountain tops,
And purple all the clouds ; when from their couch
Abel and *Thirza* rose, and sought their bower
Of intermingl'd leaves and flowers compos'd.

In *Thirza's* eye of mild and heavenly blue
The tenderest love and purest virtue shone :
Upon her cheek the rich carnation bloom'd :
And locks that wav'd around her snowy neck,
In golden ringlets negligently twin'd,
Added new beauty to her graceful form.

Thus she walk'd forth with *Abel*, whose high front
Was shaded o'er by curls of palest brown
Upon his shoulders falling : on his brow
Sat deep reflection, and a pensive air

Most sweetly blended with a look serene :
In every movement might be trac'd the step
Of one who, charg'd with Heaven's high behests
To this our world of wretchednes and woe,
In human shape enshrines angelic nature.

“ My love,” said *Thirza*, with a tender smile,
And soft affection beaming in her eye,
“ The birds now wake and chaunt their morning
song ;
“ Sing thou to me the hymn which yesterday
“ In these green pastures you so sweetly sang,
“ That I may taste with thee the rapturous joy
“ Of praising **HIM** whom all Creation praises.
“ The music of thy lips inspires me,
“ And holy transport fills my heart with peace,
“ And charms mine ear, while thy melodious voice
“ In fitting strains pours forth the sentiments
“ I feel within, but want the words to utter ”
Abel embrac'd her, and with haste replied ;
“ Soon as I read thy wishes in thine eyes,
“ My *Thirza*, 'tis my pleasure to fulfil them.”
Then to their fragrant bower they bent their steps,
Whose entrance, gilded by the morning sun,
Receiv'd the pair ; and *Abel* thus began :

Abel's Morning Hymn.

“ Retire, O Sleep, from every eye,
Ye hovering dreams retire ;
Reason again resumes her throne,
And fills the mind with fire ;

“ Just as yon Sun, whose glorious orb
Illumes the face of day,
Casts light and heat upon the earth,
And drives the mists away.

“ Resplendent Sun ! we hail thy rays,
From forth the cedars beaming;
All nature greets thy rising light,
With new-born graces streaming.

“ Retire, O Sleep ! from every eye,
Ye hovering dreams retire ;
The shades of night do hide themselves,
When day receives his fire.

“ Where now are the shadows of night ?
To the rocks and the caves they are fled :
In the depths of the grove they await us ;
And there they will spread out our bed,

“ When noon’s overpowering heat
Shall recall us to shelter and rest
In the grotto, whose moss-cover’d sides
Are with ivy and evergreens drest.

“ See where the rising day
'Wakens the eagle's nest ;
See where the rocky points
Of the tall mountain's crest
Gleam o'er its dewy side :

“ See where the vapoury mist,
Mingling with morning air,
Ascends like altar-smoke,
Rising so pure and fair,
Spreading out far and wide.

“ Thus Nature celebrates returning light
And pays to Nature's God her grateful praise ;
All things existing, with their power and might
To their Creator thankful voices raise.

“ The springing flowers exhale the sweets He gave,
To honour **HIM** who paints their various dyes ;
The winged tribe pour forth a warbling stave,
And from the grove a thousand notes arise

“ In praise of **HIM** who tunes their little throats :
While the majestic lion stalks around,
And pays **HIM** homage in terrific notes,
Which from the caverns of the rocks resound.

“ Praise **GOD**, my soul, and let thy praise ascend
To **HIM** who hath created—doth preserve thee ;
Let human voices to His throne extend
Before the sounds of creatures made to serve
thee.

“ By morning’s twilight—at the early dawn—
While birds and beasts yet buried are in sleep,
May my lone song, in tuneful numbers drawn,
Pour forth His praise in sounds both loud and
deep :

“ May it acceptance find, and point the way
To all creation, ere the coming light
Shall lead them out of darkness into day,
To praise **HIM** for the blessings of the night.

“ How glorious are thy works, PARENT of GOOD !—
 Wisdom supreme is stamp'd upon them all;
Whithersoever I may turn mine eye,
 Marks of thy bounteous care upon them fall.

“ My sense transported is ; and beauty's power
 So irresistibly my mind doth raise
From finite things to THINE infinity,
 That all-day-long I fain would sing THY praise.

“ What could induce THEE, omni-potent MAKER,
 For ever happy in THYSELF, to call
From out the chaos of nonentity
 This dew-bespangl'd, bright, and glittering ball ?

“ What could induce THEE, self-existent GOOD,
 To form man out of dust, and bid him live ?
It was THY wondrous love, that, with the gift,
 To him all happiness Thou mightest give.

“ O smiling morn, in thee we find a type,
 Or image rather, of Creation's plan ;
When the bright sun dispels the vapoury mists,
 And o'er the earth extends his shining span,

“ Night walks away, and all-reviving Nature
In renovated lustre shows her face ;
So when the ALMIGHTY speaks, the darkness flees,
And silence gives His voice an ample space.

“ At His command, myriads of living things
Emerg’d from forth the ever-teeming earth,
Flutter’d their plumage in the ambient air,
And in the vocal woods to praise gave birth.

“ Again the ALMIGHTY spoke ; the heaving clods
In shapes innumerable rear their head,
Burst into being, motion, action, life,
And o’er earth’s surface all His praises spread.

“ The new-form’d horse now bounds across the plain,
And neighing o’er the turf he shakes his mane ;
The stiff-neck’d bull, impatient, spurns the ground,
And with low bellowing fills the woods around.

“ A mountain moves, and from its teeming side
Forth stalks the elephant in stately pride,
Itself a moving mountain ; vast and slow
It walks abroad, and shakes the earth below.

“ These are Thy glorious works, PARENT of GOOD—
And each succeeding morn they hear THY voice
Recall them from the bonds of that deep sleep
Which ev’ry night they seek, as ‘twere by choice :
Image of non-existence ; whence they raise
Their re-created powers to sing THY praise.

“ The days will come, when all the peopl’d earth
Shall chaunt THY praise in ev’ry land and clime ;
When ev’ry hill shall see THINE altars blaze,
And praise to THEE resound throughout all time :
Not only Man shall celebrate THY praise,
But all THY wondrous works a shout will raise ;
And Heaven and Earth a grateful homage pay,
From the up-rising to the setting day.”

Thus *Abel* sang, with *Thirza* by his side.
He ceas’d ; yet she, with heavenly transport fir’d,
Seem’d still to hear : at length her arms she threw
Around him in an ecstasy of joy,
And cried : “ O *Abel*, dearest, best belov’d,
“ The music of thy voice exalts my mind
“ To GOD omnipotent : thy tender care,
“ While it protects my weaker, feebler frame,

“ Teaches my soul itself to take her flight
“ Beyond the limits of this nether world.
“ Her guide thou art amidst th’ obscurity
“ Of doubt and darkness : thy superior mind
“ Doth dissipate those clouds, and quickly turns
“ Astonishment and awe to deep devotion.
“ How oft have I, by gratitude inspir’d,
“ Render’d my humble thanks to GOD most High
“ For having thee for me, and me for thee,
“ Created so, that, in our thoughts and wills
“ Unanimous, we’re form’d to bless each other.”

While thus she spoke, conjugal tenderness
Diffus’d a grace on every word and gesture.
Abel was silent : but his soften’d look,
And tears just starting from his glist’ning eye,
Spoke the full tide of love unutterable.

Oh ! happy then was man—pure his delights—
The fruitful earth refresh’d him from her stores,
And thro’ her bounteous means renew’d his strength.
Contentment fill’d his mind and gave him peace :
Of Heaven he sought no more than health and
virtue.

Luxurious wealth ; insatiable desire ;
Pale discontent ; (the mother of all wants)
Were things unknown and foreign to his nature ;
Nor buried was his happiness beneath

A glittering misery or splendid woe.
United hearts then form'd the nuptial tie ;
No fear of wasting want and penury—
Nor yet the angry frown or stern command
Of tyranny parental—low ambition,
Or thirst of lands or gold—withheld not then
The soft maid from the youth she fondly lov'd.
These cares are thy poor gifts, O luxury !

Still seated were the pair when *Eve* approach'd,
Leaning on *Adam*. They had heard with joy
The song of *Abel*, and the fond effusions
Pour'd forth by *Thirza* when the song had ceas'd.
They now embrac'd their children, and their hearts
Expanded wide with all a parent's love,
And deep delight was pictur'd on their brow.

The wife of Cain, *Mahala*, follow'd close
The footsteps of her mother, and had seen
The happiness of *Abel* and of *Thirza*.
That baneful passion, Envy, found no place
In her pure bosom ; yet dejection sat
In shadowy traces on her countenance :
Pale languor in her eyes ; and sorrow's gloom
Had made the rose to fade from off her cheek.
She had o'erheard the fervent words of *Thirza*,
Pour'd forth in heartfelt gratitude to Heaven
For having been created each for other.

Their mutual tenderness produc'd a tear,
And sighs were forc'd from her o'erwhelmed breast
By sad conviction of the different lot
Comparison must draw between the husbands.
Quickly she wip'd away the pearly drops,
And with a gracious smile the bower she enter'd,
Where with sincere affection, midst her grief,
Her brother and her sister she saluted.

At the same time, *Cain*, passing by the shade,
Had heard the sound of *Abel's* melody ;
And had beheld his father's fond embraces.
Swift as the lightning's glare the venom'd dart
Of envy stung him ; he in fury cried—
“ What sounds of joy are here ! what fond caresses !
“ I too might sing, like him, were all my days
“ Thus idly spent in soft and dull reclinings,
“ While the white flocks were gaily sporting by,
“ Or cropping the green herbage at their leisure ;
“ But songs and pastime were not made for me :
“ Rugged laboriousness is my inheritance ;
“ And tho' I turn the glebe, and break the earth,
“ (Curs'd for my father's sin with barrenness—)
“ Yet my fatigues meet no such fond rewards !
“ Did my soft brother toil, like me, one day
“ Beneath the scorching sun, 'twould spoil his
music—

“ He’d trill no warbling songs—what, more embraces ?

“ I hate this soft unmanly dalliance !

“ But if that boy be pleas’d, it matters not.”

Cain then with hasty step walk’d on his way.

He had been overheard : his discontent

Had fill’d the peaceful bower with deep concern.

The pale *Mahala* waxed still more pale,

And, bath’d in tears, sank down by *Thirza*’s side ;

While *Eve*, reclining on her husband’s arm,

Deplor’d the sternness of her eldest-born.

“ O my beloved parents,” *Abel* cried,

“ Permit me now to follow *Cain*, my brother ;

“ I will embrace him, speak to him, and say

“ Whate’er fraternal love shall dictate to me

“ To gain his lost affection : I will try

“ Persuasion’s every art to make him lose

“ His present anger : nor will I leave him till

“ He promises to love me. I have search’d

“ Into the very bottom of my soul,

“ To know the means whereby I may regain him,

“ And find a way to fix his changeful heart.

“ Sometimes I have rekindl’d all his love,

“ But late extinguish’d : yet, alas, too soon

“ The gloom returns, and sullen sadness damps

“ The sacred flame.”

With troubl'd voice and look, *Adam* replied :
“ *Abel*, my best beloved, I will go
“ Myself unto your brother ; reason's voice,
“ And strong paternal love, shall join their force
“ Perchance to overcome his obduracy.
“ Surely—O ! surely, he will not resist
“ The soft appeal of an afflicted father.
“ O *Cain*, my son ! my son ! with torturing care
“ And ceaseless grief thou fillest all our hearts ;
“ And passion's sway so tyrannizes o'er thee,
“ That every trace of gentle sentiment
“ Is banish'd from thy soul, and chas'd away.
“ Oh ! sin—Oh ! fatal sin—what desolation
“ Thou spreadest o'er the human heart and mind !
“ What dire presages tremble in my breast,
“ As through the vista of futurity
“ I see thy ravages among mine offspring.”

Thus spoke the Father of mankind : then turn'd,
With hasty step, to seek his first-born son.

Cain soon perceiv'd the near approach of *Adam*,
Then, ceasing from his labour, thus he spoke :
“ What means this sternness in my father's look ?
“ Why do thine eyes reproach me ? Was it so
“ Thou wentest to embrace my brother *Abel* ?”
“ Thou wouldest not have found reproach, my son,
“ Had conscience not prepar'd thine eye to meet it.

“ Yes, *Cain*, thou hast deserv’d it ; and thy fath—
“ In all the bitterness of grief is come —————”
“ But with no love—that thou reserv’st for *Abel*.
“ Also with love to thee—HEAV’N is my witness,
“ I love thee with a father’s utmost fondness.
“ These tears, inquietudes, and anxious cares,
“ Which agitate not only me but her
“ Who brought thee forth with pain, do find their
source
“ In purest love parental.
“ It is this love, and tender care for thee,
“ Which casts a gloom on our once happy days,
“ And breaks the silence of the night with sighs.
“ Oh ! *Cain*, didst thou love us, ’t would be thy care,
“ Thine earnest care, to dry up all our tears,
“ And to dispel that cloud of grief which fills
“ Our days with sadness, and our nights with woe.
“ Ah ! if thou still retainest in thy breast
“ Regard for HIM, the Omni-scient God,
“ To whom the secrets of thine heart are open—
“ Or the least spark of filial love to us,
“ Thy sorrowing parents, who for thee are troubl’d ;
“ Then I conjure thee, by that same regard,
“ That filial love, if not yet dead within thee,
“ That thou restore to us departed peace,
“ And give us back our long extinguish’d joy.

“ Nourish no more this hatred of thy brother,
“ Who loves thee still with a sincere affection,
“ And even now would meet thee with embraces.
“ O *Cain*, thou wert my first-born—my delight—
“ When thy young eyes first open’d to the day,
“ I gaz’d upon thee with a father’s joy.
“ Then wherefore is thy soul disquieted ?
“ And why does envy find a place within thee
“ Because I now rejoice in *Abel* too ?
“ The eloquent out-pourings of his soul,
“ (As thou hast witness’d in his morning hymn)
“ Mov’d us transportingly ; and we caress’d him.
“ Angels themselves applaud a gracious act,
“ And e’en the ALMIGHTY looks from heav’n’s high
 arch
“ With approbation and complacency
“ Upon the offerings of a thankful heart.
“ Goodness and truth are things unchangeable ;
“ And changeless also is their grace and beauty.
“ Why should we alter, if we could, their nature ?
“ Ourselves must be deprav’d ’ere we can cease
“ To entertain those high and holy feelings
“ Inspir’d by deep devotion—or withstand
“ The noble sentiments that spring from virtue.
“ Both storms and tempests, and the rolling thunder,
“ Excite no smiles upon the countenance,

“ Nor call forth signs of joy or gentle peace.
“ As little do the boisterous passions raise
“ The soft emotions of the human soul,
“ Or wake the chords of sympathy within us.”
Cain sternly answer’d : “ Is reproach, then, all
“ That I must gather from a father’s lips ?
“ What if my face not always wears a smile—
“ If tears of tenderness do not bedew
“ My moisten’d cheek in one continuous stream—
“ Am I for this to bear the staining brand
“ Of every vice detestable and base ?
“ Born with more firmness, and of hardier mould,
“ Bold enterprises and a toilsome life
“ Have been my choice and lot : upon my front
“ Nature has stamp’d a manly gravity :
“ I cannot weep or smile at ev’ry trifle,
“ Nor does the towering eagle, in his height,
“ Coo or complain as doth the timorous dove.”
Adam, with tone majestic, thus replied :—
“ Thou art thine own deceiver : in thy breast
“ Thou harbourest most horrid sentiments,
“ Which, unsubdu’d, will rankle in thy heart,
“ And make thee wretched.
“ It is not manliness upon thy brow ;
“ But envy, pride, and gloomy discontent.
“ These direful passions glimmer in thine eyes,

“ And show themselves throughout thy whole deportment.
“ Inward dejection darkens all thy mind,
“ And spreads a cloud of darkness o'er thy prospects.
“ Hence thy continual murmurs, peevishness,
“ And angry words, throughout the labouring day :
“ Hence thine unsocial mood to all of us,
“ And the black melancholy which o'erwhelms thee.
“ Acquaint, O *Cain*, thy yet indulgent father,
“ What is 't will chase this sorrow from thy brow :
“ For 'tis his earnest, his most ardent, wish
“ That all thy days be as the vernal morn,
“ Serene, and bright, and calm, and full of peace.
“ What cause hast thou to be disquieted ?
“ For thee the springs of happiness do flow—
“ All-bounteous nature offers thee her stores—
“ The good, the useful, the agreeable,
“ Belong to thee, my son, as unto us.
“ Why then dost thou forego the gifts of God,
“ Or make them only fruitful in complainings ?
“ Art thou dissatisfied with what thou hast,
“ As though thy lot were less than thy deserts,
“ Or blessings were the right of fallen man ?
“ Or, if th' angelic state excite thine envy,
“ Then know that they indulg'd in discontent,
“ And, by aspiring higher, fell from heaven.

“ Would'st thou arraign the sovereign decrees
“ Of the Most HIGHEST towards his sinful creatures ?
“ Whilst all creation speaks His utmost praise,
“ Shall guilty man lift up the heel against HIM,
“ And call in question that in-finite wisdom
“ Which regulates the wide expanse of heav'n ?
“ To whom futurity is present now ;
“ And whose unerring providence doth cause
“ From evil things, things good to be produc'd ?
“ Be cheerful, then, my son, and cast away
“ All sadness, discontent, and melancholy ;
“ And let them not disturb thine inward thoughts,
“ Nor cast a gloom upon thy countenance :
“ But open wide thy heart to social joy,
“ And look with soft and sweet complacency
“ On all the unhurtful pleasures which surround thee.”
“ Why waste upon me all these exhortations ?
“ Do I not know that, were the heart at ease,
“ All things around would give me pure delight ?
“ But is it mine to still the raging storm,
“ Or bid th' impetuous torrent stay its course ?
“ Am not I born of woman—from my birth
“ Sentenc'd to misery—and on my head
“ Hath not the ALMIGHTY pour'd the cup of wrath ?
“ No, not for me doth Nature spread her charms ;
“ Nor do the streams of bliss (of which you take
“ Such copious draughts) ere fill their fonts for me.”

Thus *Cain* :—and, drown'd in tears,
With voice half stif'd by his strong emotions,
Our great progenitor in grief responded—
“ ‘Tis true, my son ; too true ; on woman-born
“ A curse has been pronounc'd ! sad malediction !
“ But why should'st thou believe that GOD has
 pour'd
“ On thee alone his wrath, more than on us,
“ The first transgressors ? This is not the case—
“ Nor can it be—for SOVEREIGN GOODNESS thus
“ Would contradict itself, nor be impartial.
“ No, my dear son, thou wert not made for woe :
“ The great Creator never call'd his creatures
“ From out the dust to render them unhappy.
“ Man may, indeed, by his own folly do it.
“ If reason's voice be suffer'd to succumb
“ To passion's sway, he then indeed becomes
“ Un-knowing of felicity, and makes
“ His life a burthen much too heavy for him ;
“ And thus converts all wholesome nourishment
“ To most unnatural and destructive poison.
“ Thou can'st not still the storm, nor stop the way
“ Of the impetuous torrent's rapid course :
“ But to dispel the clouds of discontent,
“ And to restore thy soul to pristine light,
“ Is given of GOD. Thou can'st bring under rule,
“ Subjection, law, and order, all the passions,

“ And each irregular and hot desire.
“ Gain, then, my son, this vict’ry o’er thyself ;
“ It will refine thy sentiments, and bring
“ Thy soul from darkness into morning dawn,
“ And chase distress like mist before the sun.—
“ There was a time when I have seen thee weep —
• “ Yes, even *thee*, O *Cain* ! when deep delight
“ (The gratulation of approving conscience)
“ Has shown itself thro’ all thy quicken’d powers,
“ As ripen’d fruit produc’d by virtuous action.
“ Speak for thyself—wert thou not happy then ?
“ Was not thy soul, like Heaven’s own azure, clear,
“ Unspotted, tranquil, calm, serene, and pure ?
“ Recover, then, that beam of DEITY,
“ Thy reason’s power—and let her light direct
“ Thy wayward steps, when joy and peace,
“ Inseparable friends, will dwell with thee.
“ Attend thy Father’s counsel, and comply :
“ Reason’s injunction is t’ embrace thy brother—
• “ Do this, and prove the joy thou once didst know,
“ The calm delight of long-estranged peace.”
“ My father,” *Cain* replied ; “ when at the heat
“ Of noon I rest from tilling barren fields,
“ I will embrace him with fraternal love.
“ I make this promise in obedience to thee ;
“ But while I breathe, my soul will never sink
• “ In that same softness which endears him to you,

“ And makes your eyes run over with delight.
“ To such a spirit 'tis we owe the curse
“ Denounc'd against us when, in Paradise,
“ You weakly yielded to be overcome
“ By woman's tears—but hold; what is 't I say?
“ Dare I reproach my father? shame forbids—
“ I owe thee reverence, and I hold my peace.”
 Thus *Cain*: and to his labour then return'd.
Adam remain'd immovable, and fix'd,
With hands and eyes uplifted unto heaven.
At length, in deep distress he cried, “ Oh! *Cain*,
“ I have indeed deserv'd this keen reproach—
“ But should'st thou not have spar'd thy wounded
 father?
“ Forborne this cruel charge which, like Heaven's
 bolt,
“ Hath riven, and now shakes, my tortur'd soul?
“ Ah me! thus will remote posterity
“ To latest time rise up against my dust,
“ And, while they feel the pangs which flow from
 guilt,
“ Call down a curse upon the first of sinners!”
 Thus having spoken, slowly he withdrew:
But from the bosom of the afflicted father
Burst forth a groan which mov'd his obdurate son
With keen remorse; for *Cain* forthwith exclaim'd—

“ Oh, what a wretch am I ! how could I find
“ Reproach against so good, so kind a father !
“ How have I smitten him with inward grief !
“ I hear his piercing cries, and see his hands
“ In supplicating form uprais'd to Heaven.
“ Perchance for me he prays—even for me,
“ Vile as I am ! oh, that I too could pray !
“ But no—Hell is within *my* bosom ;
“ And, like a raging whirlwind, I destroy
“ The peace of all around me.
“ Return, O reason ! Virtue, oh, return !
“ And free my soul from these unruly passions !
“ Still I behold him pray—his clasped hands
“ Are rais'd in agony—and this for me.
“ Oh ! how these acts reproach me—justly too—
“ I will implore his pardon—O rash tongue !
“ O most rebellious heart ! ————— ”

Cain then approach'd his father : bowing down
His forehead to the ground, he cried aloud :
“ Forgive me, O my father ! I deserve
“ That thou should'st turn thee with abhorrence
 from me—
“ I do abhor myself:
“ But while thus humbl'd in the dust before thee ;
“ While I thus grasp thy knees, despise me not ;
“ Despise not my repentance and my tears.

“ With sullen pride my harden’d heart resisted :
“ But now thy deep distress and piteous groans
“ Have melted all my former obduracy.
“ A ray from HEAVEN hath shot across my mind,
“ And with unfeigned sorrow and contrition
“ I see my folly, and I feel my guilt ;
“ I know myself unworthy of thy love :
“ Yet, O my dear and venerable parent,
“ Reject not these my penitential tears—
“ Reject not the submission of my heart :
“ Of thee, my Father, I now ask forgiveness—
“ Pardon of GOD, of thee, and of my brother.”
“ Rise, rise, my son,” said *Adam*, and embrac’d him :
“ He, the MOST HIGH, who in the Heavens dwells,
“ With pleasure looks upon repentant tears.
“ Embrace me then, my son, and so receive
“ Thy joyful father’s free and full forgiveness.
“ Blest time, and happy hour ! in which my son,
“ My first-born son, restores our absent peace !
“ Excess of joy has weaken’d all my powers—
“ Support me, O my son, and let us speed
“ To meet thy brother, that my inward joy
“ May be completed by the outward act
“ Of witnessing your mutual endearments.”
Adam, on *Cain* reclining, went his way.
Abel, his mother, and his sisters twain,

Approach'd them as they enter'd in the grove:
Their steps had follow'd *Adam's*: they had seen
His various movements, and with joy beheld
The late repentance and the tears of *Cain*.

Swift as the wind did *Abel* fly to meet
With open arms, and to embrace, his brother.
In eager haste he clasp'd him strenuously,
Unable to express, but from his eyes,
The heartfelt pleasure which now overwhelm'd him.
At length he cried; “ My brother ! my dear brother !
“ Then thou dost love me—love me with true love—
“ With fond, affectionate, fraternal love—
“ O let me hear thy lips pronounce that word,
“ And all our happiness will be complete.”
“ Yes, answer'd *Cain*, I do sincerely love thee ;
“ And by that plea may I indulge the hope
“ Thou wilt forgive my having so embitter'd,
“ By my unkindness and unruly passions,
“ The many days thou should'st have pass'd in peace.
“ I, too, have been unhappy—but the light
“ Of reason, like to Heaven's ethereal flash,
“ Has pierc'd the gloom—broke thro' the shades of
 night—
“ And finally dispers'd the gathering storm.
“ Never more, *Abel*—never may'st thou see,
“ Or even bring to mind, my former darkness.”

“ Never,” said *Abel* with increas’d delight ;
“ But let the past be utterly forgotten.
“ Who is ’t would think upon, much less invite,
“ The dire illusions of a morning dream,
“ When, like to me, they might awake to joy—
“ To real and substantial happiness—
“ Surrounded, too, by multiplied delights ?
“ Oh ! my brother, words want the power to tell
“ The transport of my soul while thus I clasp
 thee—
“ While thus I press thee to my throbbing heart.”

Eve, who in silence saw the moving scene,
Sprang to her sons, and cast her arms around
Th’ embracing brothers ;—tears of sympathy
Ran down her cheeks while she exclaim’d ; “ My
 sons !

“ My best belov’d ! since I have borne the name
“ Of mother, never has my heart been fill’d
“ With joy so great, so exquisite as now.
“ The grief which, like a mountain’s cumberous load,
“ Oppress’d my soul, is now remov’d entire.
“ No more my heart will feel the bitter woe
“ Of discord between those my womb hath borne—
“ Those whom my breast hath nourish’d ! Now,
 behold,
“ With transport shall I see sweet harmony,

“ And peace, and joy, and love, among mine offspring.
“ As is the fruitful vine with blessings paid
“ By thirsty lab’rer with it’s juice refresh’d,
“ So will my sons bless me, the instrument
“ Of their united and renew’d felicity.
“ Let me, then, join you in this sweet embrace :
“ Let me, my daughters, press you to my heart !
“ With joy unspeakable I do partake
“ The ecstasy which visibly doth fill
“ The faces of my children and my husband.”
She then on *Adam* turn’d her glistening eye,
Where love parental and conjugal,
With brightest light and purest, shone serene.

The beauteous sisters, tho’ they silent stood,
Shar’d to its full extent the general joy.

Mahala (spouse of *Cain*), when disengag’d
From the fond clasping of her mother’s arms,
With keen vivacity and alter’d features,
Said ; “ Dearest *Thirza*, let us go and choose
“ The fairest flowers to bedeck our bower—
“ Delightful seat of happiness and peace !
“ We’ll strip the bending branches of their load
“ Of lusciousness to form the rich repast.
“ This day—this happy day we’ll consecrate
“ To mirth and innocent festivity ;

“ And with united hearts will welcome in
“ Our new-born joy.” She then with nimble feet,
By *Thirza* follow’d, ran to form the feast.

Adam and *Eve*, attended by their sons,
Walk’d slowly on. Ere they had reach’d the bower,
The active twain had, with a lavish hand,
Bespread the green and natural carpeting :
Fruits of all sorts their wholesome juices offer’d ;
While variegated flowers lent their scents,
And charm’d the eye with bright and mingl’d tints.
The feast was elegant—and Nature made it.
No darts of death, hid in rich sauces, struck
With blow inhospitable th’ unthinking guest.
Contentment reign’d supreme on ev’ry brow—
In every eye beam’d sweet complacency :
While social converse and unmix’d delight
Re-plum’d the wings of Time, whose rapid flight
Unheededly brought on the evening hours.

CANTO II.

WHILE the first family this world e'er saw
Indulg'd domestic bliss within their bower,
The Head and Father of mankind thus spoke .
“ Tis now, my children, that you feel the joy
“ And great delight of an approving mind.
“ The recollection of a virtuous deed
“ Brings to the soul tranquillity and peace.
“ Tis this alone insures our happiness :
“ For virtuous action gives the appetite
“ And capability of that enjoyment
“ Pure Spirits have around the throne of God.
“ While reason's dictates lead—and we enjoy
“ With gratitude and love kind Nature's gifts—
“ Have humble hope and confidence in Him—
“ We do but antedate the joys of Heaven.
“ But if our passions rule, subdue, and conquer ;
“ Inquietude, distress, and misery
“ Will intervene, and darken all our prospects.
“ In vain will Nature smile; the fruitful earth
“ In vain will spread her bounties. Hear, my sons,

“ And give belief unto a father’s word
“ Where sad experience proves its fatal truth ;
“ The joys of sin are followed by shame—
“ By sorrow—by remorse, or deep repentance !
“ O *Eve*, the partner of my past distress,
“ As now the sharer of my happiness ;
“ Could we have thought that—when with stream-
 ing eyes,
“ And hearts all-riven with the keenest anguish,
“ We took our last farewell of Paradise—
“ Could we have thought that such felicity,
“ As now we find, was to be found on earth ?
“ Yet never will that day—that dreadful day—
“ Be blotted from my memory’s register.
 “ My father,” *Abel* said, “ if the recital
“ Of grief gone by will not be too displeasing ;
“ If sad remembrance will not cast a shade
“ Too gloomily upon this festive hour—
“ This hour of gentle peace and reconciliation ;
“ Most gladly would I gather from thy lips
“ The story of thy life from then till now.”
 All look’d on *Adam* with suspensive eye,
And all were pleas’d with *Abel’s* mild request.
 The first of men replied : “ My children, what
“ Can I refuse you on this joyful day ?
. “ I will relate minutely, and unfold,

“ The principal occurrences which mark'd
“ Those times of dire affliction and of grief—
“ Of consolation and of mercy too—
“ When God (that God whom we had so offended)
“ Deign'd to make *promises* to fallen man !
“ O *Eve*, companion of my ev'ry woe,
“ Companion too of every delight ;
“ Where shall the interesting tale begin ?
“ From that day's dawn when first we left the gate
“ Of Paradise behind us ?——but thy tears
“ Already flow, and interrupt my speech.”
“ My tears,” rejoin'd the mother of mankind,
“ Are now the dew of thankfulness and love ;
“ And not the bitter drops of shame and sorrow.
“ Begin, dear *Adam*, at the last farewell
“ I bade unto the forfeit seat of bliss,
“ When, in that rueful hour, remorse and shame
“ For the time past—and agonizing fear
“ For time to come—did such a conflict raise
“ Within my wretched bosom, that I sank
“ Into thine arms, and wish'd with all my soul
“ Th' immediate execution of the threat
“ Doom'd to confound me with my native dust !
“ Let *me* describe what were my feelings then :
“ Thy tenderness for me will make thee pass
“ Too lightly o'er the sad and moving scene.

“ The angel of the **LORD**, whose countenance
“ Shone with benignity and soft compassion,
“ Was charg’d to drive us out of Paradise.
“ With gentle words he sooth’d—with promise
 cheer’d—
“ And bid us hope and put our trust in **GOD** ;
“ Who *was*, and *is*, our merciful Creator :
“ But in his hand the sword flam’d, terrible !
“ At Eden’s gate he stopp’d. ‘ I guard, said he,
“ ‘ This pass : _____
“ ‘ No more must enter here aught that defiles.’
“ We now were trav’lers on the wide-spread earth ;
“ And Paradise, with all its joys, was gone.
“ One vast and dreary desert seem’d the plain
“ Which lay before us : fruitful tree, nor shrub,
“ Nor flower, nor fertile spot, cheer’d our sad eyes.
“ *Adam* did hold my hand and lead me on,
“ While frequently I cast despairing looks
“ Back to the seat of our felicity ;
“ But did not dare to raise my guilty eye
“ To him, the victim of my foolishness—
“ The sad companion of my misery.
“ Sorrow bent low his head, as o’er the ground
“ We walk’d, distress’d and silent !—*Adam* view’d
“ Th’ uncultivated earth ; then cast on me
“ A pitying look, and press’d me to his breast.

“ Descending from a hill whose top we’d reach’d,
“ And winding down its steep declivity,
“ Each step diminish’d our last view of Eden.
“ My heart was rent with sad remembrances,
“ And grief depriv’d me of all further motion.
“ Now, now, I cried, I take my last farewell
“ Of Paradise—my own, my native soil !
“ Blest seat of innocence and joy, adieu !
“ Ye flowers, once cultivated by my hand,
“ Who now enjoys your pure and fragrant sweets ?
“ Whose eye is charm’d by all your varied tints ?
“ Ye trees, who now shall prop your loaded branches ?
“ Who now shall taste your rich and luscious fruit ?
“ Delightful bower, farewell—farewell, dear shades !
“ No more shall I behold your pleasant verdure ;
“ For ever banish’d from your calm retreats !
“ ’Twas there, dear partner of my sin and shame,
“ Thou sought’st of Heaven a helpmate unto thee,
“ To share—partake—and double all thy bliss.
“ Alas ! thy prayer was heard ; and thine own side
“ Produc’d thy speedy ruin !—We were made
“ Both pure and spotless. While we were innocent,
“ The happy Spirits, who behold their God,
“ Deign’d with complacency to look upon us,
“ And e’en to visit us in our abode :
“ Deign’d to instruct us in our early duty,

“ And warn’d us also of our pending danger.
“ What are we now become? degraded creatures !
“ Oh ! *Adam*, thy perfidious wife has err’d;
“ Ensnar’d thee too by her seductive wiles;
“ And both involv’d in guilt and misery.
“ Yet, dear accomplice of my guilty deed,
“ To whom with awe I raise a suppliant eye,
“ I pray thee, hate me not—thou hast a right
“ To curse me—use it not : thou art my sole sup-
port !
“ By Him we have offended—by the hope
“ And sure fulfilment of His gracious promise—
“ I do conjure thee never to forsake me.
“ Oh ! let me follow thee, and be thy slave :
“ It shall be mine to watch thine ev’ry look,
“ And to anticipate thy least command :
“ Happy, if my poor services may gain
“ A pitying smile—a ray of soft compassion !
“ My strength and voice here fail’d, and to the earth
“ I sank dejected :—*Adam* rais’d me up,
“ And in his arms sustained me. ‘ *Eve*,’ he cried,
“ ‘ Thou whom I still most tenderly do love,
“ ‘ Add not to keen distress by self-reproach.
“ ‘ Our God ’midst punishment remembers mercy ;
“ ‘ And softens chastisement by promis’d good.
“ ‘ In dark obscurity this promise lies ;

“ ‘ Yet thro’ the veil of sacred mystery,
“ ‘ Goodness Divine appears all-radiant,
“ ‘ And Hope is mingl’d with our bitter cup.
“ ‘ We will not then indulge in self-reproach,
“ ‘ Nor will we mutually reproach each other.
“ ‘ Had our CREATOR’s indignation mov’d Him,
“ ‘ (And that alone, as it might well have done)
“ ‘ Where had we both been now?—O! let us, then,
“ ‘ Laud His forbearance, and be thankful to Him;
“ ‘ And let our voice be heard in grateful praise.
“ ‘ Our Judge is omni-scient, and He sees
“ ‘ The deep humiliation of our souls:
“ ‘ He will not disregard sincere contrition;
“ ‘ But knows our weaknesses, and will accept
“ ‘ Our feeble efforts to regain perfection.
“ ‘ Then let us strive by mutual acts of love
“ ‘ To mitigate, at least, the ills we bear.’
“ Thus *Adam* spoke:—his words and tender care
“ Reliev’d my heart from sad oppression’s power,
“ And gave new life and action to my limbs.
“ We then descended to the mountain’s base,
“ Where stood a grove of sheltering poplar trees—”
Eve, ceasing here; *Adam* took up the tale:
“ d vancing then, my children, thro’ the grove,
“ We found amongst the rocks a hollow cave.
“ Behold, said I, the bounteous hand of Nature,

“ Which seems to offer us a dwelling place,
“ Convenient and secure : be this our home ;
“ And the pure spring which, murmuring, flows
 therefrom,
“ Shall slake our feverish thirst. Here will we
 lodge :
“ But 'ere we sleep, dear *Eve*, perforce we must
“ The entrance bar to shield us from surprise,
“ Or fear of harm from enemies nocturnal.”
“ ‘ What enemies ! ’ cried *Eve*, with strong emotion ;
“ ‘ What enemies, and whom, have we to fear ? ’
“ Hast thou not mark'd, my love, the curse of sin—
“ Our sin has fallen on *the whole creation* !
“ The bands of friendship now are loos'd between
“ The animals : and that which weaker is
“ Becomes the prey of that which is the stronger !
“ Already have I seen a lion's whelp
“ Pursue with fatal rage a frightened roe !
“ Already have I seen, above our heads,
“ Commotion and fierce war among the birds !
“ We have no more dominion over them :
“ No more the lion, or the spotted leopard,
“ Or striped tiger, now will fawn upon us,
“ Or play their wanton gambols in our sight :
“ But they do cast against us frightful roarings,
“ And with their blazing eyes they look destruction.

“ We will, however, strive by gentle means
“ To win all those which are most tractable ;
“ And reason teaches us to guard ourselves
“ Against the more untame and savage ones.
“ With timid looks, and fearful, *Eve* went forth
“ (But not beyond my view) to gather flowers
“ And leaves to form our bed ; and fruit withal
“ To make our evening meal. In the mean time
“ My care was to secure the grotto’s mouth
“ With brambles intertwin’d and lac’d together.
“ *Eve’s* task was quickly done, and she return’d
“ To rest herself beside me on the grass.
“ Soon after this we enter’d in the grot,
“ And, seated on our sweetly-scented bed,
“ Began our frugal meal ; when suddenly
“ A gloomy cloud obscur’d the setting sun,
“ And pitchy darkness gather’d o’er our heads
“ As the black veil expanded more and more,
“ Presaging the destruction of all nature.
“ Tempestuous wind arose ; it shook the trees,
“ And roar’d and bellow’d round the mountain tops.
“ Flames darted from the clouds — and bursts of
 thunder
“ Increas’d the horrors of the awful scene.
“ *Eve*, struck with terror, fell into my arms,
“ And, clinging closely to me, faintly cried :—

“ ‘ He comes ! He comes ! in flaming fire He comes,
“ ‘ To bring the threaten’d death—how terrible !
“ ‘ For me, and for my sin, He comes to bring
“ ‘ Death unto us—destruction to all nature !’
“ Then sank she, pale and trembling, on my breast.
“ Be calm, my love, I said : and let us meet,
“ With contrite hearts, and on our bended knees,
“ That God who comes in majesty sublime.
“ His thunders do proclaim His near approach,
“ And darting fires do mark His passage out.
“ O THOU ETERNAL ONE, who with benignity
“ Did’st veil the radiance of Thy dignity,
“ Else insupportable, when from Thy hand
“ I first came forth, created from the dust ;
“ Thou art indeed most terrible in judgement:
“ But yet, O ! yet, let not Thy wrath consume us :
“ Do not destroy us in Thy hot displeasure !
“ We then did bend ourselves before the cave,
“ And with pale faces, and with trembling lips,
“ Offer’d our adorations :—waiting when
“ Our awful Judge should, from the clouds, pro-
 nounce
“ Th’ expected sentence : ‘ Die ye most ungrate-
 ful !
“ ‘ And let the earth which bore you be dissolv’d
“ ‘ In the red fire of mine indignation !’

“ The clouds had now pour’d forth their liquid streams,
“ And livid flames no longer flash’d from heaven :
“ More distant roll’d the thunder : from the ground
“ I rais’d my head, and said—The storm is o’er :
“ TH’ ALMIGHTY hath pass’d by, and He has not
“ Destroy’d the earth—we’re yet allow’d to live.
“ The promise made, is still remembered ;
“ And EVERLASTING TRUTH repenteth not.
“ He will fulfil th’ intentions of His mercy—
“ *Thy seed, O Eve, shall bruise the serpent’s head.*
“ Forthwith we rose, and we were comforted.
“ The heavens resum’d their usual cheerfulness ;
“ And thro’ the sky, the setting sun did spread
“ A stream of radiance like the luminous track
“ We erst beheld in Eden, when the host
“ Of angel-spirits, hovering o’er our heads,
“ Were carried to and fro upon the winds.
“ Silence reign’d o’er the fields ; the leaves and flowers,
“ Still glittering in many-colour’d drops,
“ Did glow with more than their accustom’d beauty ;
“ And upon us did fall Sol’s parting beams
“ As we, with reverential fear and love,
“ Did celebrate our great Creator’s praise.
“ Thus pass’d the day on which we first did leave

“ The gates of Paradise. The ruddy eve
“ Gave place to twilight grey ; and soon the earth
“ Was lumen’d only by the moon’s pale rays.
“ For the first time we sensibly were chill’d
“ By the cold air of night, though but few hours be-
 fore
“ We’d almost fainted ‘neath the ardent beams
“ And scorching influence of a mid-day sun.
“ Ere we left Paradise, our bounteous MAKER,
“ To show that He had not withdrawn His aid,
“ Had girded us with skins of animals :
“ In these we wrapp’d ourselves ; and, lying down,
“ We waited, hand in hand, the approach of sleep.
 “ The weary man’s relief, sleep, came at length ;
“ But unaccompanied by that soft ease,
“ That sweet repose which, in our innocence,
“ Did bless our nightly slumbers. Then appear’d
“ To our imagination’s calm reflector,
“ None other than agreeable presentments.
“ Inquietude, remorse, and fitful fear,
“ Did not then hold us wakeful thro’ the hours
“ Of tedious darkness ; neither did our dreams
“ Commingle then with thoughts of things unholy,
“ Or sights or forms of mere fantastic phantoms.
“ The heavens, howe’er, were peaceful ; and our
 rest

“ Was undisturb’d : but O ! how different
“ From that sweet night when I led thee, my
spouse,
“ For the first time into the nuptial bower.
“ Upon that eve the odoriferous flowers
“ And shrubs exhal’d a new created sweetness :
“ The nightingale pour’d forth harmonious notes
“ In new-strung warblings, as it were to greet thee ;
“ And never did the pale moon shine so brightly.—
“ But why do I thus dwell on images
“ Which do but waken grief, now hush’d in peace ?
“ We slept until the morning-sun had drunk
“ The limpid dew which hung on leaf and flower :
“ We then awoke, refresh’d and fit for toil,
“ And cheer’d in our uprising by the birds,
“ Whose joyous songs proclaim’d returning day.
“ Their number was but small ; for yet there were
“ No animals upon the earth but those
“ Whom instinct urg’d to flee from Paradise,
“ In order that the garden of the LORD
“ Should suffer no defilement by their death.
“ As on the previous eve, again we knelt
“ Before the grotto’s entrance, where we paid
“ Our humble adorations unto GOD.
“ Which done, I said to *Eve* ; ‘ We will, my love,
“ Go further on and view the vast extent

“ Of open country which is given to us :
“ For also is it given to us to choose
“ Where we will fix ourselves ; or where the earth
“ Most fertile is, or Nature most profuse
“ Of all her beauties. Dost thou see that river,
“ Which, like a serpent, winds its slopes along
“ The verdant meadows ? On whose banks appear
“ Thick-wooded hills, with spreading lawns between,
“ Just like a garden planted out with trees ?”
“ Eve press’d my hand, and said ; ‘ Be thou my guide,
“ ‘ My guardian and conductor ; I will follow :
“ ‘ Let us pursue our walk towards the hills.’
“ As we proceeded, just above our heads
“ A bird was flying upon feeble wing :
“ Its feathers were disorder’d—plaintive cries
“ Were uttered in the place of native music :
“ And, having flutter’d for a little space,
“ It sank exhausted in the covert bush.
“ Eve went to seek it, and anon beheld
“ Another lying moveless on the ground,
“ Which that we first had seen seem’d to lament.
“ She, stooping down, with fix’d attention watch’d
“ And tried in vain to rouse it from its *sleep*.
“ ‘ It will not wake, she cried, in fearful tone ;
“ ‘ It will not wake—it never will wake more !’
“ Then bursting into tears, Alas ! she said,

“ ‘ The bird that now did pierce mine ears with plaints,
“ ‘ Was thy unhappy mate ! 'Tis I—'tis I,
“ ‘ Most wretched that I am, have brought this fate—
“ ‘ This desolation and destruction on you !
“ ‘ For me these harmless animals are punish'd !’
“ Her tears redoubl'd as she turn'd to me
“ And said, ‘ how motionless and cold it is !
“ ‘ Tis voiceless, and its limbs refuse their office !
“ ‘ Speak, *Adam* ! is this *death*?—I fear it is.
“ ‘ I shudder, *Adam*; and an icy cold
“ ‘ Runs through my viens. Ah ! if so be the death
“ ‘ Which threatens us is liken'd unto this,
“ ‘ How terrible 'twill be !—What would become
“ ‘ Of me, if, like to this bird's feather'd mate,
“ ‘ I'm left behind to mourn ? Or what of thee,
“ ‘ If death take me away ? Should God create
“ ‘ Another *Eve* to fill my forfeit place,
“ ‘ She will not—cannot—must not love like me,
“ ‘ Thy partner in distress and banishment !’
“ She could no more, but wept, and sobb'd aloud.
“ Mingling my tears with hers by sympathy,
“ Cease, dearest *Eve*, I cried, these fond complaints:
“ Dry up thy tears : have confidence in Him
“ Who governs all his works in wisdom's ways :
“ And though we cannot penetrate or scan
“ The deep designs of all His providence ;

“ Nor pierce the mystic darkness which surrounds
“ The Majesty of His most dread tribunal ;
“ Yet may we rest assur’d that love and mercy
“ (Eternal twins) remain behind His throne.
“ Why should we, then, anticipate misfortunes,
“ Or seek them in the glimmer of the future ?
“ Is reason ours, to make us only wretched ?
“ And shall we turn our eyes ungratefully
“ From present and repeated instances
“ Of loving-kindness, and of tender mercy,
“ To run the risk of plunging into woe
“ By choosing rather to remain in darkness ?
“ It is His wisdom and His goodness join’d,
“ That orders and appoints what shall befall us.
“ ’Tis ours to walk, with humble confidence,
“ By His direction, and devoutly bend
“ In acquiescence to His sovereign will ;
“ And not to seek to know or comprehend
“ The things He hath not chosen to reveal.
 “ We now advanced to the topmost hill,
“ Whose sloping sides were deck’d with flowering
 shrubs.
“ Upon its summit, in the midst of trees
“ Of all the sorts that in the forest grow,
“ (Each bearing fruit of its own proper kind)
“ There stood a lofty cedar, whose thick boughs

“ Form'd an extensive shade ; and by its side
“ A cool and limpid mountain-stream broke forth,
“ Winding its course along amidst the flowers.
“ This lovely spot afforded such a view,
“ So vast a prospect, and of such extent,
“ That it was lost upon the straining sight,
“ And bounded only by the dusky air.
“ The skies were form'd into a concave round us,
“ Which seem'd, where'er we turn'd our wond'ring
 eyes,
“ To touch the distant edge of the horizon.
“ Here, then, I said to *Eve*, in deep delight—
“ Here we will fix our home : this charming place
“ Is a faint shadow of that Paradise
“ Whose blissful bowers we never more shall see.
 “ Majestic Cedar, take us to thy shade !
“ Ye trees of various form and various hue,
“ Refresh us and sustain us with your fruits !
“ Your sweet productions never shall be pluck'd
“ Without a grateful sense towards the giver :
“ But they shall be a meet reward for toil,
“ Attentive care, and anxious cultivation.
 “ O GOD OMNIPOTENT, who reign'st in Heaven,
“ Look with propitious eye on this our dwelling :
“ To all our supplications lend thine ear :
“ And favourably receive the offer'd praise

“ And thanksgivings which we, thy sinful creatures,
“ (Frail and offending as we are, and must be,)
“ Shall never cease to send towards thy throne
“ From underneath the branches of these trees.
 “ Here, Mother of mankind, shall we subsist,
“ And, *by our forehead's sweat*, shall earn our bread.
“ Under these shades shalt thou *bring forth with pain.*
“ Hence will our offspring spread themselves abroad,
“ Until they reach the utmost bounds of earth :
“ Here, too, grim Death shall one day visit us,
“ And we be mingl'd with our native dust.
“ O LORD, OUR GOD AND MAKER; send thy blessing,
“ In showers, down upon this home of sinners !
“ While uttering thus the feelings of my soul,
“ *Eve* knelt beside me, prostrate on the ground,
“ And join'd her heartfelt prayer and praise with mine.
 “ I now began to build our habitation
“ Beneath the shadow of the spreading cedar.
“ I form'd a circle of strong stakes around it,
“ And interwove them with some pliant twigs.
“ While thus employ'd, *Eve* did the stream convey
“ Among the flowers—gather'd what fruit was ripe—
“ Upheld, with small supports, the bending stalks
“ Of such as bounteous Nature weighed down—

“ And prun’d, with care, the too luxuriant growth
“ Among the varied and sweet smelling shrubs.
“ The streamlet furnish’d us with reeds and rushes
“ Wherewith to cover in our humble dwelling :
“ And as I thither went to fetch them thence,
“ I saw five ewes, and with them a young ram,
“ (All white and silvery as the southern clouds)
“ Feeding together by the water’s side.
“ I made approach to them with noiseless step,
“ Lest they should fly me as the lion did,
“ And as the tiger ; which, before our fall,
“ Had us’d to gambol with the lamb or kid,
“ And play their antics round about our feet.
“ But lo ! instead of trying to escape,
“ They suffer’d me to stroke their woolly fleece,
“ And then to drive them with a reed before me
“ Unto our hill, where we intended them
“ Thenceforth to feed. *Eve* was intent on work
“ When I return’d, and thus did not perceive
“ My little flock : their bleating soon reveal’d them :
“ She started at the sound, and dropp’d (through
fear)
“ The boughs and implements her hand contain’d.
“ Recovering quick, she cried, with joyful tone,
“ ‘ Oh ! *Adam*, these are as they ever were ;
“ ‘ Gentle and fond as when in Paradise !

“ ‘ Welcome, my pretty sheep ! come, live with us,
“ ‘ For all ye want is here. Ye need not stray :
“ ‘ Here flowery pastures, and the herbage sweet,
“ ‘ And a clear spring to slake your thirst withal,
“ ‘ Are spread before you with a bounteous hand.
“ ‘ Your sportive innocence shall pleasure us
“ ‘ The while we cultivate our plants and flowers.
“ ‘ Yes, harmless creatures ! ye shall be *my* flock,
“ ‘ And I will be your most indulgent shepherd.’
“ Patting their woolly backs, thus *Eve* address’d
 them.

“ Our little dwelling now was finished ;
“ And we enjoying, at the entrance of it,
“ The cooling breeze, and wide and distant prospect ;
“ When *Eve* observ’d : ‘ How fertile is this earth,
“ ‘ And full of blessings what we thought so barren !
“ ‘ Let us but add to what is on the hill
“ ‘ The fruits and flowers which grow upon its base,
“ ‘ And our abode will have some faint resemblance
“ ‘ To Eden’s blissful shades. Ah ! even then,’
“ She added, with a sigh, ‘ twill only bear
“ ‘ The same proportional similitude
“ ‘ To Paradise, as Paradise doth bear
“ ‘ Unto the blissful seats where angels dwell ;
“ ‘ Which were describ’d to us in such bright hues
“ ‘ By those who condescended, in our days

“ ‘ Of happy innocence, to visit us.
“ ‘ Garden of God ! how sweet were thy retreats :
“ ‘ How charming to the eye were thy gay tints :
“ ‘ How did thy luscious fruits and lovely flowers,
“ ‘ With aromatic fragrance feast the sense !
“ ‘ Whate’er there was necessity requir’d—
“ ‘ Or useful, or agreeable—’twas there
“ ‘ In rich profusion ! Now, compar’d with that,
“ ‘ All that surrounds us is indeed but barren !
“ ‘ This earth, beneath the curse, appears unfit
“ ‘ And powerless to reproduce for us
“ ‘ That change of scene and sweet diversity
“ ‘ Which the same space of ground before did yield.
“ ‘ In distant places now we needs must seek
“ ‘ The different productions which we want ;
“ ‘ And which, in Eden, were all gather’d round us.
“ ‘ Also, I have beheld that not alone
“ ‘ The animals are subject unto Death ;
“ ‘ His wide domain extends o’er all the earth,
“ ‘ And vegetation feels his tyrant-hand.
“ ‘ What fruits have I beheld fall from their boughs,
“ ‘ All spoil’d, and black, and full of rottenness !
“ ‘ What flowers wither on their stalks, and droop !
“ ‘ The verdant trees, too, are disrob’d by Death.
“ ‘ I have observ’d young leaves replace the old ;
“ ‘ And that the seeds of flowers decay’d and gone,

“ ‘ When cast into the earth, renew their kind !
“ ‘ So, *Adam*, we must one day fade and die,
“ ‘ And all our offspring in succession rise,
“ ‘ Grow up, and flourish—and then follow *us* !’
 “ She ceas’d : and, deeply smitten by her words,
“ I thus replied :—‘ Dear *Eve*, were all our loss
“ ‘ None other than the losing fruits and flowers,
“ ‘ Or the bright verdure of our Paradise :
“ ‘ Twould scarce deserve a sigh : but now, alas !
“ ‘ We are expell’d the place—the sacred place—
“ ‘ Our MAKER bless’d by His immediate presence,
“ ‘ There veiling radiance insupportable
“ ‘ By any earthly or created thing,
“ ‘ He walk’d among the cool and shady groves,
“ ‘ While Nature celebrated His approach
“ ‘ By solemn stillness, and by silent awe.
“ ‘ Though form’d of dust—our worship was accepted :
“ ‘ The GREAT CREATOR deign’d to hear His crea-
 tures ;
“ ‘ And, with benignity, vouchsaf’d to answer.
“ ‘ This privilege is lost ! and, by the guilt
“ ‘ Of disobedience, we can hope no more
“ ‘ To hold high converse with the GOD OF HEAVEN !
“ ‘ *This* calls for lamentation, and for tears.
“ ‘ Will the MOST HOLY leave the seats of bliss
“ ‘ To visit those who’ve forfeited His blessing,

“ ‘ Or seek a land which has obtain’d His curse ?
“ ‘ Will PURITY IN-FINITE dwell with sinners ?
“ ‘ He will behold our penitence and grief ;
“ ‘ And will compassionate our fallen state :
“ ‘ His bounteous goodness yet will far exceed
“ ‘ The utmost hope our wretchedness can form.
“ ‘ Th’ angelic spirits are His messengers
“ ‘ To execute His orders on this globe,
“ ‘ Tho’ our polluted eyes no more behold them.
“ ‘ They yet fulfil the task which is assign’d them,
“ ‘ (Altho’ invisible to sinful man)
“ ‘ Then soar aloft and flee, with hasty wing,
“ ‘ This seat of vile corruption, only fit
“ ‘ To be the abode of sinners like to us.’
“ Thus were we holding converse ; and around
“ Were casting forth a melancholy glance,
“ When suddenly a bright and shining cloud
“ Was seen descending tow’rds our residence.
“ It rested on the hill ; and from it stepp’d
“ A radiant form, whose face was wrapp’d in smiles.
“ We hastily arose, and bow’d our heads ;
“ And thus the heavenly messenger began :—
‘ HE who is throned in the highest heaven
‘ Has seen your tears, and heard your loud com-
 plaints.
‘ Go, He exclaim’d, to those afflicted ones,

‘ And thus enlighten them :——
‘ My presence is not circumscrib’d by heaven ;
‘ But it extends to all my handy-works.
‘ Whence hath the Sun its vivifying heat ?
‘ And who instructs the stars to run their course ?
‘ Why does the earth bring forth its fruits and
 flowers ;
‘ And day and night alternate course each other ?
‘ Whose care preserves the various animals ?
‘ In *me* they live, and move, and have their being.
‘ What keeps thee, *Adam*, from decay intact ?
‘ Lo ! I am near thee, and I do sustain thee.
‘ My power and providence thy safeguard are.
‘ To *me* are known the secrets of thy soul ;
‘ And every purpose of thine heart is seen.’
 “ The luminous sphere that compass’d him about
 “(I mean the Angel) reached unto me.
 “ I felt, as ‘t were, an influence divine :
 “ And, lifting up with awe my dazzl’d eyes ;
 “ ‘ How great,’ I cried, ‘ the goodness of the *LORD* !
 “ He sees our wretchedness with much compassion,
 “ And sends His angels down to comfort us.
 “ Effulgent spirit ! I stand abash’d before thee.
 “ How shall a sinful man dare speak to thee,
 “ The unoffending messenger of Heaven,
 “ Array’d in all its light and purity ?

“ Yet, O benignant spirit, suffer me
“ To name the apprehensions and the fears
“ Which heavily oppress my inmost soul.
“ That GOD is omni-present I believe ;
“ I see Him in His works, and I do feel
“ That He is gracious and of tender mercy.
“ But, that the MOST HIGH and HOLY ONE—
“ A BEING, perfect in His purity—
“ More intimately should communicate
“ Himself unto a worm defil'd by sin,
“ 'Twould be presumption in me to expect ;
“ Yet, what I dread is this :—when man shall be
“ Increas'd and multiplied upon the earth,
“ He will estrange himself from GOD, his MAKER.
“ Myself has fallen : and my children too
“ May also fall : fall into deeper depths—
“ And thus, debas'd the more, more wretched be.
“ The time will come when I must part from them,
“ And be no longer able to instruct,
“ Or prove to them, in my own proper person,
“ The loving-kindness of THE LORD their GOD.
“ 'Tis true, the smallest insect will declare Him ;
“ But should He always hide His face from man,
“ Will not the voice of Nature be too weak
“ To call His image to the human mind ?
“ Will not each trace of Him be wholly lost,

“ Or, at the least, be darken’d and obscur’d ?
“ This thought o’erwhelms me with exceeding
anguish.
“ I tremble throughly while I pierce the view
“ Which pale imagination represents
“ As fill’d by creatures—millions of living crea-
tures—
“ (Deep sunk in misery, distress, and woe)
“ Who, dating back to *me* their wretchedness,
“ May execrate me as the cause thereof.’
 “ ‘ Father of men,’ the Angel then replied ;
“ ‘ HE, in, and through, and by whom all subsists,
“ ‘ Will not forsake thine offspring. Oft will they,
“ ‘ By their transgressions, most presumptuously
“ ‘ Affront the sacred MAJESTY of Heaven.
“ ‘ Oft will their sins cry out aloud for vengeance.
“ ‘ The OMNI-POTENT ONE will grasp His thunder,
“ ‘ And make t’ appear the terrors of His judgements,
“ ‘ While guilty man shall tremble in the dust,
“ ‘ And sinners cry aloud in agony —————
‘ How dreadful is the wrath of the MOST HIGH !
‘ Oh ! who can stand before it and abide !
 “ ‘ But oft’ner still He’ll manifest himself
“ ‘ In kindness and compassion ; and delight
“ ‘ To favour those who turn betimes to Him.
 “ ‘ Mercy continually doth dwell with Him,

“ ‘ But judgement is His strange untoward work.
“ ‘ From thy posterity He will raise up
“ ‘ To serve Him, men whose minds He will enlighten,
“ ‘ That they, assisted by His Holy Spirit,
“ ‘ May call their guilty brethren to repentance.
“ ‘ Sinners shall hearken ; and, forsaking sin—
“ ‘ Actions and thoughts profane and sensual—
“ ‘ Shall worship GOD in spirit and in truth.
“ ‘ He will appoint amongst them chosen persons,
“ ‘ His messengers the prophets, whose vocation
“ ‘ And sacred mission He will evidence
“ ‘ By power miraculous : for they shall heal
“ ‘ All manner of diseases—raise the dead—
“ ‘ Give sight unto the blind—and cause the deaf
“ ‘ To hear ; with many other wondrous works.
“ ‘ These shall make known the will of the MOST
HIGH—
“ ‘ Declare His condescension and His grace—
“ ‘ Foretell the things which Time shall bring to pass :
“ ‘ Of which predictions the accomplishment
“ ‘ Shall show to man th’ ETERNAL over-rules,
“ ‘ Directs, and regulates (at His good will
“ ‘ And providential care) all those events
“ ‘ Which seem, to the short-sightedness of mortals,
“ ‘ To be the work of indiscriminate chance.
“ ‘ Oft will He speak unto the sons of men

“ ‘ By angels : oftentimes by prodigies :
“ ‘ And there will always be some righteous ones
“ ‘ To whom He will, with never-failing kindness,
“ ‘ More intimately manifest Himself.
“ ‘ With these He will hold converse face to face,
“ ‘ Until at length there shall be usher’d in
“ ‘ The promis’d mystery of man’s salvation,
“ ‘ Whereby *the woman’s seed shall bruise the serpent’s head.*’
“ The angel ceas’d ; and I, encouraged
“ By his most mild and condescending mien,
“ Replied ; ‘ O holy and celestial friend—
“ If thou wilt yet permit to call thee so
“ E’en him for whom the clemency divine
“ Doth manifest itself so wondrously
“ As to excite the boundless admiration
“ Of all the heavenly host ; and to surpass
“ The scope of all their power to comprehend—
“ Tell me, O lucid Spirit, (if it be given
“ To penetrate the veil of mystery
“ Which shrouds eternal truth in doubtful words)
“ Tell me the import of that promis’d good—
“ ‘ *The woman’s seed shall bruise the serpent’s head;*’
“ And of the curse denounc’d in—‘ *Thou shalt die.*’
“ ‘ Nought THE MOST HIGH permits me to reveal,

“ ‘ Will I keep from thee, *Adam*. Know thou, then,
“ ‘ On thy transgressing the divine command,
“ ‘ God said to those who stand before His throne :
‘ Man hath now disobey’d me—he shall die.’
“ ‘ A dense cloud then encompassed the throne,
“ ‘ And silence reign’d thro’ the expanse of Heaven.
“ ‘ The host celestial were all struck with awe,
“ ‘ And sudden consternation seiz’d upon them :
“ ‘ Anon the darkness was dispers’d, and then
“ ‘ Th’ angelic harps again were tun’d to praise,
“ ‘ And praises echo’d thro’ the vault of heaven.
“ ‘ Not since the day when the Almighty voice
“ ‘ Call’d forth the stars from non-existence,
“ ‘ And His creative word went thro’ all space
“ ‘ To form this earth and all that it contains—
“ ‘ Not since that great and memorable day
“ ‘ Did THE MOST HIGH such lustre shed abroad
“ ‘ As on the occasion I relate to you.
“ ‘ Th’ adoring angels were in expectation,
“ ‘ Anxiously waiting what was thence to fall,
“ ‘ When the majestic voice of God was heard
“ ‘ To sound throughout the blue ethereal dome,
“ ‘ Uttering these words benign and full of grace :
‘ I will not take my favour from the sinner.
‘ To mercy infinite the earth shall witness.
‘ The woman’s seed shall bring *th’Avenger* forth,

‘ Whose work shall be to bruise the serpent’s head.
‘ Hell shall not triumph in this victory ;
‘ And Death—time-conquering Death—shall lose
 its prey.’

“ ‘ Thus spake the ETERNAL ; and His glory’s blaze,
“ ‘ Unless attemper’d in its radiance
‘ By the light veiling of a misty cloud,
“ ‘ Had dimm’d the sight of e’en Arc-angels’ eyes.
“ ‘ Forthwith the blest inhabitants of Heav’n
“ ‘ Did celebrate with joy this mystery,
“ ‘ And tun’d their golden harps unto the praise
“ ‘ Of Him, THE FATHER of all living things,
“ ‘ Whose tender mercies are on all His works.
“ ‘ How the ALMIGHTY will the sinner pardon,
“ ‘ And save His justice unimpeach’d thereby,
“ ‘ Surpasses comprehension. ’Tis enough,
“ ‘ ETERNAL TRUTH hath spoken, and will do it.
“ ‘ We know, and thou may’st also rest assur’d,
“ ‘ That Death hath lost his power, and can now
“ ‘ No more than disengage the soul from bonds.
“ ‘ Its earthly vesture, which is call’d *the body*,
“ ‘ (And which doth bind it while it lingers here)
“ ‘ Shall turn again into its native dust ;
“ ‘ While *the undying and immortal spirit*,
“ ‘ Refin’d from all its natural defilement,
“ ‘ Shall be uprais’d to Heaven, there to dwell

“ ‘ With angels and arc-angels, and the host

“ ‘ Which there enjoy felicity in-finite.

“ ‘ Hear *Adam*, now, the order of thy God—

‘ To thee, and to thy seed, I will be gracious.

‘ A sign shall be established between us,

‘ To seal the bond of this my promise to thee.

‘ Upon this hill thou shalt an altar build,

‘ And a *young lamb* upon it thou shalt offer.

‘ On my part, I will send down fire from heaven

‘ Whereby the sacrifice shall be consum’d :

‘ And this thou shalt from year to year renew,

‘ And find the flame descend upon thine off’ring.’

“ ‘ I have now told thee, first of men,’ said he,

“ ‘ All that the HIGHEST willeth to reveal

“ ‘ Of His decrees inscrutable and sure.

“ ‘ I am, moreover, yet allow’d to show

“ ‘ That on this globe ye are not left alone,

“ ‘ Nor in such solitude as it may seem.

“ ‘ Cursed as is the earth, there yet remain

“ ‘ Pure Spirits which surround you watchfully,

“ ‘ Commission’d too to be your guard and fence,

“ ‘ And order’d to preside with ceaseless care

“ ‘ O'er all the works of variegated nature.’

“ The angel then drew near and touch’d our eyes,

“ When we beheld things indescribable.

“ Words would not serve to give a faint idea

“ (Or mental form) of that magnificence
“ Which burst upon us. All the country round
“ Was peopl'd with the habitants of Heaven,
“ Of form divine, and fair, and beautiful—
“ More beautiful than *Eve* when first she came
“ From her CREATOR's hand ; and when, with grace
“ Of modesty and soft reluctance join'd,
“ She found a welcome in my willing arms.
“ Some were employ'd in gathering up the mists
“ That issued in distilment from the earth ;
“ They bore them upwards on expanded wings,
“ And there condens'd them into gentle dew,
“ Or yet more dense and fertilizing showers.
“ Others reclin'd at length near purling brooks,
“ To guard against the failing of their source,
“ Lest that the plants they water'd fitfully
“ Should lose, some scorching day, their humid
 food.
“ Many were scatter'd over hill and dale,
“ And there presided o'er the fruits and flowers :
“ On these they spread their streaks of various hue,
“ Or tints of azure, green, or roseate red ;
“ And, breathing softly on the opening buds,
“ Did them impregnate with their fragrancy.
“ Some fill'd the groves ; and from the wings of
 these

“ Were wafted gentle breezes, which again
“ Were carried thro’ the foliage of the trees,
“ Hung o’er the flowers awhile, then, passing on
“ In undulating motion down the brooks,
“ Skimm’d the broad surface of the peaceful lake.
“ Others, who had perform’d the task assign’d,
“ Repos’d beneath the shade, and there conjoin’d
“ In songs harmonious ; while the melody
“ Of their sweet voices mingl’d with the sound
“ Of golden harps, whose strings were self-attun’d
“ To hymn the praises of THE HIGHEST ONE
“ In strains not to be heard by mortal ears.
“ Some more there were abroad upon our hill ;
“ And not a few were even in our bower,
“ Whose gentle looks bespoke commiseration
“ Of our distress, and eager haste to help us.
“ But now our eyes again were clos’d upon
“ The heavenly vision—and it disappear’d.
“ ‘ These,’ said the angel, “ which you ’ve just be-
held,
“ ‘ Are Spirits charg’d to watch the teeming earth
“ ‘ And its productions.
“ ‘ Nature’s assistants are they, and they help
“ ‘ To aid and to complete her various works,
“ ‘ According to the laws immutable
“ ‘ Of Him, the great FIRST CAUSE and great CRE-

ATOR :

“ ‘ For He hath given existence variform
“ ‘ And manifold to things innumerable,
“ ‘ Each in its proper and appointed place.
“ ‘ Even this earth, altho’ beneath the curse
“ ‘ Of the Most HIGHEST, yet is full of beauty :
“ ‘ And on this globe are seen, by angels’ eyes,
“ ‘ Objects by far too rich for mortal sight.
“ ‘ The daily occupation and employ
“ ‘ Of many of those children of the skies,
“ ‘ Whom I but now have given you to behold,
“ ‘ Is to watch o’er thy safety, *Adam*, and
“ ‘ T’ avert from thee misfortunes unforeseen.
“ ‘ Thee they accompany in all thy ways—
“ ‘ Assist thee in thy labours—often turn
“ ‘ Even thy disappointments to advantage ;
“ ‘ Bringing from ills *apparent*—*real* good.
“ ‘ Thy happiness domestic they behold
“ ‘ With pleasure’s eye ; and all thy secret deeds
“ ‘ They witness too. A smile benevolent
“ ‘ Bespeaks their joy, when man (their charge) does
right ;
“ ‘ A frown of sorrow sits upon their brow
“ ‘ When he forgets himself and happiness.
“ ‘ These minist’ring Spirits, in the time to come,
“ ‘ The LORD will ‘point to be His messengers
“ ‘ Of good to those He will delight to bless :

“ ‘ To carry plenty thro’ their favour’d land ;
“ ‘ Or to distribute desolating ills,
“ ‘ Distress, and famine, ’mong rebellious nations,
“ ‘ When it shall please Him, in His sov’reign will,
“ ‘ Thus to recal them by His chastisements.’
“ Here ceas’d the angel ; when he cast upon us
“ A look of mild and gentle condescension ;
“ And in a shining cloud he disappear’d.
“ Straightway we bent ourselves towards the earth,
“ And, prostrate, offer’d up our humble thanks
“ To our All-merciful and great CREATOR.
“ ’Twas my immediate care to see uprais’d
“ The altar, as commanded, on the hill ;
“ While *Eve* employ’d herself in forming round it
“ A little Paradise in miniature.
“ She brought together odoriferous shrubs,
“ And flowers of choicest form and brightest hue,
“ From out the woods and groves, and neighbouring
 plains ;
“ And, planting these around the sacred spot,
“ She water’d them each morn and evening
“ From the clear stream which flow’d beneath the
 hill.
“ ‘ O ye bright Spirits !’ she exclaim’d, ‘ I pray
“ ‘ Ye will complete the labour of my hands :
“ ‘ Without your aid in vain will be my planting,

“ ‘ In vain my watering : therefore let your cares
“ ‘ Bestow upon these flowers more life and beauty,
“ ‘ More fragrance too, than in their native soil ;
“ ‘ For to the **LORD OF ALL** this spot is given.’
“ Around the altar was a circle planted,
“ Spacious and wide, of thick umbrageous trees,
“ Whose spreading branches form’d a canopy
“ Of awe-inspiring stillness most profound ;
“ Fit to dispose the mind to contemplation.
“ Thus pass’d the summer months, expos’d each
day
“ Unto the scorching beams of burning suns.
“ Autumn arriv’d ; and then we were repaid
“ For all our toil by stores of ripen’d fruits :
“ But as it clos’d upon us, the loud blasts
“ Of the north wind began to rage around,
“ And the hill-tops were crown’d with hoary frost.
“ Not knowing then that the impoverish’d earth,
“ Exhausted by the liberal supplies
“ Of spring and summer flowers and autumn fruits,
“ Requir’d the winter season for repose,
“ And time to nourish and recruit her strength ;
“ We saw, with grief, the sadden’d face of nature.
“ In paradise we knew no change of season :
“ Mild spring, gay summer, and a glorious autumn
“ Succeeded one another without end,

“ Or rather flourish’d as it were together.
“ Stern winter and his storms were there unknown ;
“ But here, as he advanc’d, sweet Nature’s face
“ Put on the appearance of increasing gloom.
“ The flowers wither’d on their shrunken stalks ;
“ And if there yet remain’d a lingering few
“ About the altar-place, they seem’d to say,
“ With drooping heads, ‘ *we mourn our coming fall.* ’
“ The latest fruits did drop from off the trees ;
“ And sapless branches strew’d their leaves around.
“ The clouds pour’d down the rain abundantly ;
“ And all the mountain-peaks were white with snow.
“ With anxious fear we view’d this des’late scene—
“ Should this, my dearest *Eve*, I trembling cried,
“ Be but the first effects of the sad curse
“ Pronounc’d upon this earth ; and GOD sustain
“ Full measure of His threaten’d punishment ;
“ She will indeed be shorn of all remains
“ Of use or beauty which her change has left her.
“ Small were they in compare with Eden’s days ;
“ Yet they were still sufficient to reward
“ And soften all our toil ; and to supply
“ The wants and the conveniences of life.
“ But should the malediction of THE HIGHEST
“ Continue to uphold this desolation,
“ How deep will be the gloom of our despair—

“ And where will then be found our promis’d off-spring ?

“ Thus did we mourn our melancholy lot ;
“ But, much encourag’d by His promises,
“ We plac’d in God a humble confidence,
“ And sought, by trying to console each other,
“ To banish from our hearts all discontent,
“ And every thought of murmuring repinings :
“ We strove moreover to be thankful too,
“ Tho’ by such dreary horrors so surrounded.
“ For winter sustenance we laid up store
“ Of all such fruits as had escap’d decay :
“ And to preserve them for a longer time,
“ We made them dry by fire, and so congeal’d them.
“ We then renew’d the covering of our bower,
“ And made a closer and a firmer fence
“ To shield us from the cold, and from the rain.
“ Meanwhile our little flock upon the hill
“ Were wandering languidly from place to place
“ To seek a scanty and a doubtful meal,
“ By nipping the short grass that still remain’d,
“ Or, peradventure, faintly sprang afresh ;
“ Whilst I, still further to relieve their wants,
“ Did range the country round to seek for food,
“ And stor’d the surplus ’gainst a day of need,
“ In case the Winter’s rigours should increase.

“ Thus sad and slow our darkening days did pass,
“ While the o'erclouded sky pour'd forth its rain,
“ And the bleak winds did chill us with their cold.
“ At length the genial sun again appear'd,
“ And all the earth was soon reanimate.
“ The heavens again were brighten'd—gentle winds
“ Did chase the moist fogs from the mountain-tops—
“ Reviving nature smil'd at the return
“ Of youth and beauty—cheerful green once more
“ Bespread the fields—and flowers innum'rable
“ Did deck the pastures as they seem'd to vie
“ In lustrous colours with the rising sun :
“ The trees again began to shoot their buds,
“ And Nature's self was full of new-born joy.
“ Thus, crown'd with leaves and flowers, came on
the spring—
“ Delightful morning of the opening year.
“ The trees which we had planted round the altar
“ Were, of their kind, pre-eminent in beauty.
“ Eve saw, with inexpressible delight,
“ The flowers which grew upon the holy pile
“ Recover all their bloom. In vain, my children,
“ Should I endeavour to express the joy
“ We then did feel! with grateful hearts o'er-charg'd,
“ We ran unto the consecrated spot,

“ And found the circle fill’d with golden beams
“ Of the ascending sun’s increasing fire.
“ Each creature gladsome was ; and seem’d to join
“ With us in praises of the GREAT CREATOR.
“ The flowers exhal’d sweet odours, and the trees
“ Extended the soft shadows of their bloom,
“ With buds and leaves immingl’d, down the hill.
“ The smaller insects which inhabited
“ The tender grass, chirp’d forth their joyous song :
“ The birds upon the branches over head
“ Added harmonious notes to our devotions,
“ As, upon bended knee, we offer’d praise ;
“ While tears of grateful joy burst from our eyes,
“ And falling on the grassy turf beneath,
“ Mix’d with the dews of morn their penitential
 drops.
“ Our fervid prayers ascended to the throne
“ Of Nature’s LORD—the GOD of Grace and Good-
 ness—
“ Who had in mercy turn’d His just displeasure,
“ And all the effects thereof, to our advantage.
 “I now began to cultivate the earth,
“ And cast therein some grains which I had sav’d
“ From out the produce of the previous year ;
“ And added many seeds which I had gather’d
“ By accident or chance in distant lands.

“ Reflection, nature, or necessity,
“ Did oft disclose the means to help my work.
“ And often, too, non-knowledge of the times
“ And proper soils for each of the productions
“ Of every different place or change of season,
“ Did lead me into error. Frequently
“ Imagination’s self deceived me ;
“ And when my hopes ran high that I had found
“ The art of aiding or curtailing labour,
“ Sad disappointment blighted all those hopes.
“ I should sometimes have been without resource,
“ Had not the gentle Spirits, who watch’d over us,
“ Deign’d by their influence to enlighten me.
“ One morning, early, as I cast my eyes
“ Towards the altar, I beheld with awe
“ The flame of the ALMIGHTY burning on it.
“ The rising sun illum’d the ascending smoke.
“ Enraptur’d, I exclaim’d to my lov’d—
“ See, dearest *Eve*, the promise now fulfill’d :
“ Behold the sacred flame come down to us !
“ Let us go thither straight, and labour cease.
“ I will, as the ALMIGHTY hath commanded,
“ Make offering of a Lamb upon the altar :
“ Haste thee and seek the choicest flowers that
 grow,
“ To decorate and scent the sacrifice.

“ I took the fairest of my little flock—
“ But oh ! my children, how shall I describe
“ My state of feeling when I put my hand
“ To take its life ! A trembling seiz'd upon me—
“ Scarce was I able to maintain my hold
“ Upon the struggling victim—neither could
“ I ever have resolv'd upon its death,
“ Had not th' express command of Him, who gave
“ It life, ordain'd that it should lose it thus.
“ The bare remembrance of its faint attempts
“ To make escape, now fills my heart with pain.
“ When I beheld its frail and quivering limbs
“ In the last moments of existency,
“ A universal tremor shook mine own :
“ And as it lay before me motionless,
“ Dreadful forebodings agoniz'd my soul.
“ I laid the bleeding lamb upon the altar,
“ While *Eve* did scatter o'er it scented herbs.
“ We then fell prostrate on the earth before it,
“ And offer'd up to God our humble praise
“ For having thus perform'd His promise to us.
“ An awful silence reign'd around us then,
“ As tho' all Nature felt the sacrifice.
“ During this perfect calm, our ravish'd ears
“ Were charm'd as with the minstrelsy of heaven ;
“ Or as it were a host of hovering angels

“ Joining their hymns of praise with our devotions.
“ The sacrifice was soon consum'd by fire ;
“ And, when concluded by extinguishment,
“ (Which suddenly occur'd) a fragrant smell
“ Of aromatic odours spread around.
 “ A little after this solemnity
“ And happy day of reconciliation,
“ I was returning at the setting sun
“ To take my rest from toil near my beloved.
“ I wended up the hill—sought for her there—
“ And look'd with anxious eye within the bower.
“ At length I found her close beside the spring,
“ All-pale and trembling, feeble and exhausted—
“ And thee, *my first-born*, lying on her bosom.
“ The pains of birth had seiz'd her while employ'd
“ In ordinary labour near the brook.
“ She was caressing thee, and did bedew
“ Thine infant face with tears of rapturous joy.
“ At sight of me she smil'd, and faintly said—
 “ ‘ *Father of men*, all hail ! I do salute thee.
“ ‘ In my distressful hour THE LORD hath help'd me ;
“ ‘ I have brought forth a son, and call'd him *Cain*.
“ ‘ O thou dear pledge,’ said she, ‘ may thy first hour
“ ‘ Have been regarded by His gracious favour
“ ‘ To whom be consecrated all thy days.
“ ‘ How helpless is that thing that's born of woman !

“ ‘ May’st thou, dear infant, flourish like a flower
“ ‘ That opes its tender blossoms in the spring ;
“ ‘ And thy life be as incense towards high Heaven !’
 “ I then took thee, *my first-born*, in my arms,
“ And, turning unto *Eve*, saluted her
“ As *Mother of mankind* : thee also, *Cain*,
“ As *first of woman born*, and *first of men*
“ Who enter’d into life fore-doom’d to death.
“ O *God*, continu’d I, look down, I pray,
“ On this Thy feeble creature with compassion,
“ And shed Thy benediction on his days.
“ Let it be mine to rear his tender thought,
“ And my delightful task to form his mind :
“ To show him all Thy miracles of grace,
“ And tell of all the wonders of Thy love.
“ Morning and evening shall his infant tongue
“ Be taught to lisp the praises of Thy name.
“ O dearest *Eve* ! O *Mother of mankind* !
“ A race like this, and numberless, shall grow,
“ And flourish round thee, like unto this tree
“ Which solitary stood until the shoots
“ And tender suckers push’d themselves from out
“ The parent stem, or the maternal roots.
“ When spring shall clothe it in renewed verdure,
“ These shoots shall bring forth others, till in time
“ This single tree shall form a little grove.

“ In the same manner—(and, I pray thee, let
“ This hope console thee in thy present weakness)
“ In the same manner shall our offspring rise
“ And multiply around this eminence.
“ From its high crest we surely shall behold
“ Their peaceful dwellings scatter'd o'er the plain.
“ We shall behold them—(if so be that Death
“ Delay his coming long enough to let us)
“ We shall behold them lend each other aid
“ And mutual assistance to obtain
“ The wants, conveniences, and sweets of life.
“ Often shall we descend from this our hill,
“ To visit and approve our children's children;
“ And 'neath their fertile shades we will recount
“ The wondrous doings of the LORD OUR GOD,
“ And urge their hearts to gratitude and love.
“ When they shall taste of joy, we'll share it with
 them;
“ And we will sympathize in all their grief,
“ And give them consolation and advice.
“ From this high place we hope we shall behold
“ A thousand altars blazing all around us.
“ Their incense shall envelop us in clouds,
“ Sacred and holy—through the which our pray'rs
“ Shall rise towards the throne of our CREATOR,
“ In search of blessings on the human race :

“ And when the solemn annual day shall come
“ Wherein the sacred flame of heavenly fire
“ Shall fall upon the first, most holy altar ;
“ They shall assemble on this hill together,
“ Where we will lead them to the sacrifice,
“ And see, with transport and with holy joy,
“ A numerous host (descended from our loins)
“ Forming a circle vast of prostrate worshippers.
 “ Thus, *Cain*, I spoke th' effusions of my heart,
“ And kiss'd thine infant lips with tender joy.
“ Thy mother took thee in her feeble arms,
“ And, rising from the ground with my assistance,
“ We bent our steps towards our humble dwelling.
 “ Increasing strength and vigour soon began
“ To animate thy small and supple limbs :
“ Laughter and gaiety were in thine eyes,
“ And mirth and playfulness upon thy cheeks.
“ Already did'st thou run with tottering feet
“ On the soft grass, and 'mong the opening flowers.
“ Already had thy little lips begun
“ To prattle forth thine infant hopes and fears,
“ When *Eve* did bring into the world *Mahala*.
“ Around the new-born babe you skipp'd with joy ;
“ Kiss'd and caress'd, and cover'd her with flowers.
“ In course of time thou wert brought forth, O *Abel*:
“ And after thee came *Thirza*, thy companion.

“ With great and inexpressible delight
“ We saw, and watch'd, your innocent amusements.
“ This pleasure did increase from day to day,
“ As we beheld your minds unfold themselves,
“ And reach, by slow degrees, from youth to man-
 hood.
“ Our most attentive care was then employ'd
“ To cultivate those minds, and to direct
“ Your thoughts and powers to high and worthy
 objects ;
“ So that your lives and actions might diffuse
“ Fair virtue's odorous influence all around ;
“ Like as the varied flowers, combin'd by art,
“ And bound together as one family,
“ Commingle and expand their various sweets.
 “ While you, my children, prattl'd on my knee,
“ Or chas'd each other through the grove in play,
“ I saw that man, conceiv'd and born in sin,
“ Had need of cultivation, like the earth
“ Which stubborn was, and curs'd, by our trans-
 gression :
“ That vigilance and constant care impos'd
“ Their onerous duties in the arduous task
“ Of building up and furnishing the mind.
“ To guide the pliant heart by soft impressions,
“ And turn away the turbulence of rage—

“ To urge the inclinations of the soul
“ To ripen into good and genuine fruits
“ The instigations of its nobler powers,
“ And crush the baser passions in the bud—
“ Require the utmost of the teacher’s art,
“ And all, or more than all, the parents’ love.
 “ My children, now I see you all arriv’d
“ At your full growth, and full maturity;
“ Like plants transform’d by time from tender shoots
“ Into umbrageous and wide spreading trees.
“ Prais’d be the God of heaven for mercies number-
 less !
“ Ador’d for ever be His holy name
“ For His great goodness, all unmerited !
“ May you, my children, by your filial love—
“ By humble gratitude, and reverent awe—
“ Continue faithful to His heavenly will :
“ And may His benediction and His grace
“ Rest upon you, and on your habitations.”

The Sire of men here finish’d his narration :
But, though he ceas’d to speak, each listening ear
Seem’d fix’d in earnest and in mute attention.
The different scenes presented to their mind,
Impress’d upon them differing emotions.

The gushing tear oft trembl'd in their eyes,
And oft a lively joy diffus'd itself
Across their anxious and expectant features.
All render'd thanks to *Adam, Cain* included—
But he alone had neither smil'd nor wept.

CANTO III.

Adam's narration being finished,
Abel once more embrac'd his elder brother,
 And all the party left the leafy bower;
 Each pair to their own dwelling bent their steps,
 Their path illumin'd by the moon's mild rays.

“ O *Thirza*,” *Abel* cried to his belov'd,
 “ What joy expands itself throughout my soul !
 “ My brother is no longer strange to me—
 “ He loves me—for his moisten'd cheek bespoke
 “ His tender feelings, while he did embrace me.
 “ Oh ! how my heart drank in deliciously
 “ The sweet distilment of return'd affection !
 “ Less acceptable is the evening dew
 “ That falls refreshingly upon the earth
 “ When dry and parch'd beneath the burning beams
 “ Of Sol's meridian splendour. Now, it seems,
 “ The furious tempest of his soul is calm'd,
 “ And peace and love are welcom'd back again.
 “ They will again take up their blest abode

“ Beneath the shelter of our humble cots,
“ And give new zest to every enjoyment.
‘ O Thou beneficent and gracious BEING !
‘ Who hast, with Thy most providential care,
‘ Watch’d o’er our parents while they were alone,
‘ (Themselves the only habitants of earth)
‘ Keep far from us, and from my brother’s heart,
‘ The direful sway of each unruly passion.
‘ Let not the storm return ; but, in its stead,
‘ May gentle peace, tranquillity, and joy,
‘ Render each day more pleasing than the past.’

Thirza replied ; “ Our parents felt not joy
“ More pleasing at the sweet return of spring,
“ After the rigours of the primal winter,
“ Than they experienc’d in the falling tears
“ Which spoke the reconciliation of our brother.
“ Our father, and our mother too, appear’d
“ To have resum’d the gaiety of youth,
“ And everything around us smil’d once more.”

Thus did this virtuous couple interchange
The inward satisfaction of their souls.

Mahala, spouse of *Cain*, observ’d his brow
Still wore the gloom of sullen discontent.
She press’d his hand, and in a soften’d tone
Said, “ Why, my love, dost thou appear so cold,
“ And so insensible amidst such joy ?

“ Is the deep calm that is restor’d to thee
“ Incapable of lighting up thine eye,
“ Or filling all thy soul with inward peace ?
“ Much should I fear the settl’d cloud of grief,
“ Which o’er thy days so long has darkly hung,
“ Had render’d thee inapt to taste of joy,
“ Had I not seen (with most supreme delight)
“ Apparent transport in thy countenance
“ When closely folded in thy brother’s arms.
“ O my beloved ! do not let us doubt
“ Th’ ETERNAL, from His shining throne on high,
“ And all the angels who surround us here,
“ Beheld with approbation and acceptance
“ The soft sensations which then sway’d thy heart.
“ Permit me now to press thee to my breast,
“ And let my fond affection still renew
“ Thy former smiles, and banish every care.”
 Cain, unresisting, suffer’d the caress
Thus meekly proffer’d—ardently bestow’d :
Then said ; “ Your transport—your excessive joy—
“ Gives me offence : I am, indeed, displeas’d.
“ Does it not say—‘ behold ! he is corrected :
‘ He was a vicious and a wicked man,
‘ And hated, without cause, his brother *Abel* ?’
“ I was *not* wicked—whence so strange a notion ?
“ Must I my brother hate, because with him

“ I am not found to be for ever weeping,
“ Or persecuting him with my embraces ?
“ I *never* hated thus my brother—*never !*
“ But I have seen indeed with pain that he,
“ By his effeminacy and unmanliness,
“ Hath robb'd me of our parents' best affection—
“ And could I be insensible of this ?
“ But not without a cause, *Mahala*, is it
“ That sorrow now doth hang upon my brow.
“ What great imprudence in our father was it
“ To tell to us the story of his fall—
“ His shameful fall—and all the ills thereby
“ Entail'd upon us by himself and *Eve*.
“ What need was there that we should be inform'd
“ To them we owe the loss of Paradise,
“ And their's the fault that we are all unhappy ?
“ In ignorance of this, our misery
“ Would be the more supportable, and we
“ Should not deplore the want of those delights
“ Of whose existence we had no idea.”

Mahala stifl'd in her inmost soul
All signs of sad complaining and remonstrance ;
But carefully observ'd her husband's eyes,
To learn if she might venture a reply :
Then mildly answer'd—“ Suffer me, I pray,
“ To weep abundantly, and shed my tears :

“ Let me implore thee, for thine own dear sake,
“ To drive away this gloomy melancholy
“ That seems again to over-cloud thy mind.
“ Thou canst, I know, disperse it, and restore
“ Peace and serenity unto thy soul.
“ Let not imagin'd troubles bring to view
“ No other scenes than misery and grief,
“ Where thou should'st find benignity and grace.
“ Why blame our parents for unfolding to us
“ The wonders God has done for fallen man?
“ They would none other than excite in us
“ A lively confidence and wholesome fear.
“ Most keenly sensible are they of what
“ Can be to us a source of pain and grief;
“ And 't would indeed be cruelty in us
“ Thus to reproach them with our misery.
“ Rise then, my dearest love, I do beseech thee,
“ Superior to the ills which now beset thee,
“ And would intrude themselves again within thee,
“ And darken all our days once more with sadness!”
She said no more—but faintly smil'd in tears.

Affection's smile was not without the pow'r
To temper the austerity of *Cain*:
And he replied, as he embrac'd *Mahala*,
“ I will, my dear, surmount the strong vexations
“ Which strive to gain dominion over me.

“ I will no longer darken all thy days,

“ Nor yet mine own, with unavailing sorrow.”

Anamelech (of Hell’s inferior spirits

Perhaps the least) had well observ’d and heard

The doubtful mien and the discourse of *Cain*.

He had beheld, with most malicious joy,

Both wrath and envy in his ruff’d features.

This daemon (most malignant, though most base

Of all the orders ‘mong the rebel angels)

Did not give place in pride and high ambition

Even to SATAN’s self, the arch-apostate.

Often, in Hades, would he draw aside

From those companions whom he did despise :

Oft he remain’d alone upon the banks

Of burning rivers, whose sulphureous smell

And ghastly glare spread desolation round :

Or he would roam among the massy rocks

Whose craggy, bare, and solitary tops

Were hid in everlasting clouds and storm.

There, in seclusion, did he oft repine

At the inactive nature of his lot ;

While the blue flames lit up no path for him,

Save that mark’d out by his own wandering feet.

But when, at length, all Hell tumultuously

Did celebrate the triumphs of its king,

Who, now return’d from the terrestrial globe

Elate with pride, recounted his success
O'er our first parents—how they were seduc'd—
And how he had compell'd e'en the ETERNAL
To pass against them the decree of death—
Then did the envious venom rise and swell
The rancorous breast of this *Anamelech*.

“ Must SATAN,” he exclaim'd, “ although accrû'd,
“ Enjoy in Hell all praise and triumph too ;
“ While I, unnoticed in obscurity,
“ Rove through the darksome corners of these realms,
“ Or am confounded with the slavish crowd
“ Who, shouting servilely, aggrandize him
“ And hail him victor ? No—I feel myself
“ As capable as he of noble daring :
“ I will astonish all my dull compeers,
“ And force e'en Hell's fierce monarch to pronounce
“ My name with awe, and with well-earn'd respect !”
Mov'd by the prospect of distinguish'd greatness
And high renown among th' infernal host,
Anamelech now meditated projects
Of dire portent ; and nurs'd, in solitude,
Inveterate hatred to the human race.
His dark and scheming mind form'd many plans
For their destruction ; and his black designs
Succeeded but too well against their peace.
The wide-spread miseries of *Adam's* race
Render'd this dæmon's name notorious

Among the Powers which rule the fiery gulf.
'Twas he who, in successive course of time,
Pour'd out the infant-blood at Bethlehem.
He there beheld, with most malignant smile,
Men, cruel as himself, exert their force
Against the innocence they should have shielded :
And pleas'd was he, as, hovering o'er the spot,
He saw the crimson streams, and heard the cry
(Melodious in his ears) which rose aloft
From frantic mothers, in their agony,
While wailing o'er their murder'd little-ones.

This fiend relentless (in his gloomy breast
Revolving all the deeds of Hades' king)
Disdain'd ignoble sloth. "I will ascend,"
Said he—"I will ascend to earth, and know
"The import of the sentence—*man shall die*.
"I shall, perchance, accelerate his doom ;
"For *I will kill!*" He then, with hasty stride,
Pass'd through the gates of hell. He mark'd and
trod

The selfsame footsteps which th' arch-fiend himself
Had trac'd through all the realms of ancient Night ;
And through that space where all ambiguous things
Take rise and flourish—mortals call it *Chaos*.

With rapid flight *Anamelech* pursu'd
His gloomy way until, at length, he spied
A faint light gleaming on the earth's confines.

Like to a thief (with us) or murderer,
Who, meditating horrid deeds by night,
And calculating on the shade thereof
To shroud in darkness every guilty act,
Is struck with sudden fear on finding light—
So was this Spirit impure with terror seiz'd
On entering the spheres which gird the earth,
And give reflected or refracted light,
All-luminous, from him who rules the day.
But when arriv'd, his piercing eye soon found
The dim and sorrowful abode of man ;
And straight he hied him to the leafy grove.

“ Here then,” said he, “ dwells Man, the favourite
“ Of Heaven's King ! This earth, howe'er, is curs'd,
“ And far unlike the spot where first he liv'd—
“ Delightful spot! now guarded by the sword
“ Of flaming cherubim I late beheld
“ While hovering o'er it as I hither came.
“ This they have lost—'tis true : but what is left
“ Is yet unlike to Hades ; for it seems,
“ That did not Hell still follow me about—
“ Or rather did it not within me dwell—
“ I might, for aught I see, be happy here.
“ Perhaps by base and plaintive supplications
“ The anger of their GOD is soften'd tow'rds them :
“ Or possibly their grosser bodies may

“ Be subject unto pains unknown to us,
“ And never prov’d by substances ethereal—
“ Aha ! I see some of the heavenly host
“ Are plac’d as guardians over fallen man,
“ Although his state be under malediction !
“ I must elude their care, and ‘scape their view,
“ Or all my plans will but abortive prove ;
“ And I shall be the sport, and not the praise,
“ Of SATAN and the sycophants around him.
“ Yonder I see the family of sinners !
“ But yet there are no signs of misery.
“ Their ills, perchance, commence not until death.
“ That will I know—and if their hearts be prone
“ And open to seduction ; by my wiles
“ I will engage them in new sins and crimes
“ Which shall accelerate their punishment.
“ SATAN succeeded, by an easy guile,
“ When practising upon the first offenders ;
“ And they were then within their perfect state :
“ But *these* are now degraded and accurs’d ;
“ And to subvert these must be easier still.
“ Yes, I foresee I surely shall induce them
“ Such deeds of blackness to be guilty of
“ As will compel their heavenly guardians
“ To quit the earth with horror and amazement ;
“ And even He who hath created them

“ Will, in His ire, exterminate the race
“ Ungrateful, disobedient, and perverse ;
“ And plunge them in the burning fiery lake.
“ Then, on our scorching coasts we shall have joy !
“ Then shall we triumph, when we do behold
“ Th’ unworthy ’habitants of this new world
“ Rolling in flames of sulphur—writhing too—
“ And cursing their existence, and their MAKER !
“ Ha ! I observe that one, upon his brow,
“ Bears marks of rage and sullen discontent :
“ There is ferociousness within his looks
“ Which gives me hope, and half performs my task.
“ I will essay on him and on his consort :
“ The latter weeps—’tis well, I’ll know the cause.”

The evil-minded Spirit, unseen by man,
Watch’d all the steps of *Cain* and of *Mahala*,
With meditation bent on murd’rous deeds.
He follow’d them into their inmost dwelling ;
And there, in mockery, echo’d back their words :
“ Rise, *Cain*, superior to the wayward thoughts
“ Which crow’d themselves around thy troubl’d
 brain !
“ Drive far away those clouds of melancholy
“ Which so obscure the brightness of thy days !”
Then changing irony for plainer truth,
The fiend gave utt’rance to his malice thus :

“ No—what is good shall ne’er take root within thee;
“ I will destroy it : and the dark forebodings
“ Thou would’st disperse, shall re-assembl’d be—
“ Thicker and darker ; and as black as those
“ Which wrap in sev’nfold night the shades of hell !
“ My task will be no hard one : thou, thyself,
“ Dost labour at the work : ’twill be for me
“ To lend assistance only ; and, well pleas’d
“ Am I to be the seconder of thee.
“ Yes—desolation and a depth of woe
“ As yet unknown to man, shall be his lot :
“ With darkness and with horror shall his days
“ Be fill’d to fulness ; and Heaven’s fav’rites taste
“ The cup of wrath pour’d out for angels’ lips ! ”

The cheerful dawn again began to gild
Th’ horizon’s verge, inspiring songs and mirth,
When *Cain*, with instruments of husbandry,
Went forth to till the ground. His brother *Abel*
Already had exchang’d the morn’s salute,
And was engag’d in leading forth his flocks
To crop the herb and drink the early dew.
Mahala and her sister *Thirza*, both,
Were walking hand in hand towards the altar.
They stopp’d a moment to salute their brothers,
When *Eve* approach’d them with a hurried step—
With gestures wild and full of desperation.

They both were seiz'd with sudden fear and dread
As they beheld their mother bath'd in tears.
“ Why weep you? ” both exclaim'd with quick emotion:

But *Eve's* reply was by redoubl'd tears,
And stiff'd sighs, and sobs, and inward grief.
At length she said, “ My children, have you heard
“ The piercing groans which issu'd from our cot?
“ The sharpest pains, this night, have seiz'd your
father,
“ And he now struggles with a sore disease
“ Which seems to penetrate e'en to his marrow:
“ He strives against it to conceal his anguish,
“ And to prevent the sighs that 'scape from me.
“ He would suppress his audible complaints
“ In order that he might not give me pain:
“ But oh! my children, the most poignant grief
“ Now fills my tortur'd heart, and all my soul
“ Refuses consolation. When most still,
“ He seems wrapt up in anxious meditation;
“ One moment after, and he groans with pain;
“ Cold perspiration covers all his face,
“ And the restrained tear bursts forth again.
“ O my dear children; apprehensions wild,
“ And dark, and dismal, press upon my mind
“ With all their fearful train of sad forebodings.
“ Support me, daughters; oh! support your mother,

“ Sinking beneath a weight of deep affliction.”
Eve, follow’d by her children, turn’d again
Towards her home ; and, weeping, enter’d in,
Supported in the arms of *Thirza* and *Mahala*.

With sorrowing steps they sought the bed of
sickness

Where *Adam* lay : he then was calm and tranquil :
His countenance and manner both made known
That, spite of suffering and of inward pain,
His soul was free and master of itself.

With tenderness parental he beheld
His troubl’d children, whom he smil’d upon ;
(As doth the sunny ray amidst the showers,
Presaging hope behind the stormy cloud)

Then said : “ The hand of GOD is now upon me—
“ My frame is torn with anguish, rack’d with pain :
“ But praise to Him whose providence directs,
“ And whose unerring wisdom rules o’er all.
“ Perchance He has ordain’d these pangs to loose
“ The bands which bind my soul to this frail clay.
“ If now it must return unto the dust
“ Of which ’tis form’d—His holy will be done.
“ I would adore my MAKER’s dispensations,
“ And wait with patience the appointed hour.
“ Fain would I praise Thee, LORD of life and
death,
“ Until this union be dissolv’d again :

“ My soul shall then, divested of the earth
“ Which covers and enfolds it as a vesture,
“ Offer more elevated praise to Thee.
“ O GOD OF CONSOLATION ! be my help,
“ And teach me now to bear with resignation
“ My present pain, in hope of future bliss.
“ But, above all, forsake me not, O God !
“ Forsake not an expiring sinner’s soul
“ In the distressful moment of his death !
“ Do not abandon me at that dread hour
“ When Nature trembles in her latest gasp,
“ And time shall be absorb’d in vast eternity !”

Then turning to our general mother, *Eve* ;
“ And thou,” said he, “ whom as myself I love,
“ And you, my children, add not to my grief
“ By unavailing sorrow and by tears.
“ Most cruelly does your affliction wound me.
“ Cease then these sighs ; these lamentations cease.
“ Perchance the LORD may move His heavy hand—
“ Withdraw His terrors—show His mercy forth—
“ And death may yet be at a distance from me.
“ Perhaps I may again upon this earth
“ Taste joy and gladness :—I will, however, wait
“ The sov’reign pleasure of my God and King.
“ Do you also, my children and my wife,
“ Resign yourselves in humble acquiescence

“ To each and all of His divine decrees,
“ With grateful hearts, submissive, and devout.
“ Accustom well yourselves, before the time,
“ To meditate upon the awful day
“ When it shall please the ALMIGHTY to strip off
“ This garment of vile dust, and take me from you.”
The Father of mankind then ceas'd to speak ;
For pain and anguish laid their hands upon him,
And sighs and groans usurp'd the place of words.

When agony and pain were somewhat lull'd,
He look'd around him with attentive gaze ;
But more especially were fix'd on *Eve*
(Who overwhelm'd appear'd by her distress)
His kind regards ; instinctive sympathy
With her distress had much increas'd his own ;
And to console her he resum'd his speech.
“ Alas !” said he ; “ the death of the first sinner
“ Will doubtless be most awful to behold ;
“ But still more terrible to him who suffers.
“ O may the ALL-MERCIFUL, who has not yet
“ Abandon'd us in our iniquity,
“ Afford me succour in that dreadful hour !
“ That He will do so let past time be pledge.
“ Do you, my children, leave me to His will :
“ Retire and pray for me, and for yourselves.
“ This fearful crisis may perchance have end

“ In a sweet sleep, or in a calm repose,
“ Which to my feeble limbs may strength restore.”
Adam again was still—his children stoop'd
To kiss his trembling hand. “ Yes, yes,” they
cried,
“ We will prostrate ourselves before the **LORD**,
“ And supplicate that sweet repose may come
“ And renovate thy now exhausted frame.
“ O may our pray'r be heard ; and may our **GOD**
“ Remove the pains by which thou art afflicted.”
With hearts surcharg'd with grief they left the
cot :
Eve only stay'd behind. “ Fain would I sleep,”
Said *Adam* unto her, suffus'd in tears.
“ Cease, my beloved, thus to weep for me :
“ Thy tenderness, by adding to my woe,
“ May chase repose far from me.”—Then he wrap'd
His face within the skins which cover'd him,
In order to conceal his troubl'd mind.
“ Is this—(he put the question to himself)—
“ Is this the hour so full of fear and dread ?
“ Perchance it is. **GREAT GOD**, how terrible !
“ Forsake me not—abandon not, I pray,
“ A dying sinner in his agony !
“ How sweet 'twould be to me—how very sweet,
“ And full of consolation e'en in death—

“ If these my sufferings, and my doubts and fears,
“ Would but exempt my offspring from the curse
“ Pronounc’d upon them for my primal sin !
“ But no : this death—this very self-same death,
“ And veil of darkness which envelopes me,
“ Will surely fall on all of woman born.
“ From an empoison’d and a sinful tree,
“ What fruit can be produc’d that is not sinful ?
“ What else but sinners, subject unto death ?
“ Alas ! in me are kill’d all my descendants.
“ All, like to me, must sever’d be from those
“ They dearly love ; alike from friends and kin
“ Whose social ties and sympathizing cares
“ Shall have endear’d and soften’d all their life,
“ And given it all it had of its delights.
“ O *Eve*, my wife, what anguish will o’ertake thee ;
“ What tears will fall upon my senseless dust,
“ When that the orphan (left without support)
“ Shall feel and shall lament a father’s loss—
“ Snatch’d by the hand of death in mid-career !
“ Or when decrepit parents lose the sons
“ Who were the prop of their declining years ;
“ Or sisters water, with their gushing tears,
“ The lifeless clay which once they call’d their
brother ;
“ The wife the husband, or the husband wife :

“ Spare then my memory, my unhappy children—
“ Curse not, I pray you, then, my peaceful dust !
“ ‘Tis not unjust that all the weight of woe
“ To which we’re doom’d, should fall on the last
 hour—
“ The hour which frees us from this life of sin.
“ Death, when from its covering of clay
“ He doth divide the soul, will also draw
“ That soul from out a state of malediction.
“ If, notwithstanding its im-potent force
“ And more im-potent will, (as ’tis by nature)
“ It feels the lowness of its degradation,
“ And strives to rise to virtue’s holier heights,
“ It shall (through grace) attain that happiness
“ In life immortal which it forfeits here.
“ Ye ought not, then, to execrate my dust !
“ Our dwelling on this earth is not, indeed,
“ Our proper life—’tis but *the dawn* of life :
“ It rather should be call’d a troubl’d dream.
“ Restrain me not, then, O thou world of woe,
“ For ’tis by dying that I shall revive !”
Such were the thoughts of *Adam*, when a sleep,
Profound and tranquil, shut his senses up.
Eve was o’erwhelm’d with grief ; and as she sat
Beside the bed of sickness, murmur’d low
The anguish of her heart in stif’d words.

“ What ills,” said she, “ do I experience now !
“ O curse, the consequence of mine own sin,
“ Let but thy burthen rest on me alone !
“ I was the first of sinners : then on me
“ And on my wretched head let fall the weight
“ Of woe in store for all. ‘Twould be but just ;
“ I was the first offender. Ah ! ’tis now—
“ It is already on me : all the grief,
“ The pain, and sickness of my husband dear,
“ And of my offspring too, all flow from me.
“ Their pains and sorrows, like so many worms,
“ Do gnaw and prey upon me. O my husband !
“ If thou should’st die—tremendous is the thought !
“ Cold shivering seizes me, and o’er my face
“ The clammy perspiration trickles down !
“ Can death be much more terrible than this ?
“ But, *Adam*, if thou art to die for me
“ And for my fault ; I pray thee, hate me not :
“ Add not to all my misery thine anger !
“ And you, my children, spare your wretched mo-
ther !
“ ‘Tis true, you don’t upbraid me ; but alas !
“ Each sigh, and every tear, calls forth remorse,
“ And is to me a sharp and deep reproach.
“ O thou ALMIGHTY ONE ! pray lend an ear
“ To these my sad and plaintive supplications :

“ Relieve the suffering soul: but if so be
“ That he must die—must now return to dust :
“ Oh ! separate us not—let me die with him.”
Eve ceas’d to speak; but, mournfully and still,
She watch’d the couch of hope with mingl’d fear.
In spite of all the roughness of his frame,
Cain had shed tears of sorrow o’er his father.
When he had left the cottage he repair’d
Unto the fields, and thus express’d his thoughts—
“ When I was near the bed of my dear father,
“ I could not then forbid my tears to flow ;
“ And now I hope and trust he may not die.
“ ’Tis true, I could not then refrain from tears;
“ But yet I am not, like my brother *Abel*,
“ Quite overwhelm’d and drown’d in sorrow’s
 stream !
“ Before I can command my tears to flow
“ On every occasion, I must lose
“ My natural firmness; and, like him, become
“ Effeminate and soft. Still will they say
“ That I am of a savage disposition :
“ At least they will imagine that my brother
“ Loves *Adam* more than I, because I can’t
“ On ev’ry slight occasion weep like him.
“ I love my father, as I love my brother—
“ But yet cannot *command* the signs of grief.”

Abel, profoundly sad, went to his pastures.
He there fell prostrate ; lowly bent his head ;
And to the ALMIGHTY thus address'd his prayer—
“ With the most deep and true humility
“ I would approach my MAKER and my GOD.
“ With goodness infinite, and erless wisdom,
“ Thou orderest all the affairs of mortal men.
“ Although my spirits be depress'd by grief,
“ I yet presume to offer up to Thee
“ My supplication for a father's life ;
“ For thou hast graciously permitted me,
“ Altho' a sinner, to implore Thy mercy.
“ Thy boundless goodness has allow'd to us
“ This consolation in the midst of all
“ The griefs, and woes, and evils which sur-
round us.
“ I ought not, and I do not, dare to hope
“ That Thou wilt change Thy settl'd purposes
“ In order to comply with my request.
“ Thy ways, O gracious GOD, are wise and good :
“ Unto Thy will I would resign myself,
“ Imploring only strength for sufferance,
“ And consolation in our deep distress.
“ Thou knowest well, O omni-scient GOD—
“ Thou knowest well the wishes of my heart.
“ If these desires do not thwart Thy will,

“ Or the designs of wisdom infinite ;
“ Restore to us, we pray, our common parent :
“ Restore unto our much afflicted mother
“ The husband in whose life her life is bound :
“ And unto us, his sad and sorrowing children,
“ Restore a father tenderly belov'd.
“ Defer, O merciful and gracious God—
“ (If in accordance with Thy sov'reign will)
“ Defer his death to a more distant day.
“ Speak but the word, O LORD, and it is done—
“ Command the deed, and 'twill accomplish'd be.
“ At Thy desire our ills will disappear,
“ And joy and gladness shall again resound
“ Throughout our present mournful habitations.
“ Permit to him, who gave *us* life, to live.
“ Spare him, that he may still declare to us
“ Thy boundless love ; and teach our children too
“ To lisp, in infant songs, Thy lasting praise.
“ But if Thy wisdom, which can never err,
“ Hath order'd this to be *the hour of death* ;
“ Be not offended with our heartfelt grief,
“ Nor with the outward form of its expression ;
“ But pardon my distracted thoughts and words.
“ If this *must be* the time of dissolution—
“ The dreadful hour of death—console Thou him,
“ O GOD of Consolation ! and forgive

“ The cries, and tears, and groans of us his children,
“ Who look to Thee to save us from despair.”

Such was the pray'r of *Abel*. On the earth
He still lay prostrate, when a distant sound
Of heavenly music smote upon his ear—
Sweet odours fill'd the air—and in his view
A guardian-angel stood, array'd in light.
A coronet of roses deck'd his brow—
And gracious was his smile as opening day.
“ *Abel*,” he said, “ thy God hath heard thy prayer,
“ And granted the desire of thy heart :
“ By His command I come to comfort thee.
“ Thy God, who ever watches o'er his works,
“ (And who with equal tenderness regards
“ The crawling insect and the high arc-angel)
“ In ordering that the earth do bring forth fruits
“ To nourish and sustain the life of man,
“ Hath so ordain'd that herbs should also grow,
“ Wherein are remedies to heal the ills
“ To which his body, since the fall, is subject.
“ These ills, by slow degrees, thro' pain and sick-
ness,
“ Shall lead to death, corruption, and decay—
“ The sad rewards of disobedience.
“ Take then these plants and flowers wherein is
health,

“ And restoration to thy father’s frame ;
“ Boil them in water from the fountain-stream,
“ Then let him drink—be thankful—and he whole.”
The angel disappear’d. Struck with amaze,
Abel remain’d immovable awhile ;
Then breath’d aloud the feelings of his soul
In short and ardent bursts of gratitude.
“ What am I, O my God ! what can I be,
“ That Thou should’st thus regard my humble cry ?
“ I am but dust and ashes—else I would
“ Praise Thee, altho’ Thy name exceeds all praise :
“ For though Thy greatness is above the sky,
“ And angels veil themselves before Thy face ;
“ Yet hast Thou not disdain’d to hear the pray’r
“ And grant the supplications of a worm !”
Intense and lively joy had lent him wings :
Unto his home he flew with eager haste,
And there prepar’d the odoriferous draught—
This done, he to his father quick repair’d.
Eve was still bath’d in tears; her daughters twain
Sat pensive by her side. With great surprise
They mark’d his eagerness, and saw the joy
Which sparkl’d in his eyes ; the smile that play’d
Upon his opening lip. “ Dry up your tears,
“ And weep no more,” he said ; “ the **LORD** hath
heard

“ Our fervent prayers, and He hath sent us succour.

“ An angel hath appear'd to me this day—

“ Hath given me aromatic herbs and flowers

“ Which his own hand had gather'd. ‘ These,’
said he,

“ ‘ When boil'd in water, fresh, and clear, and
pure,

“ ‘ Will bring thy father health and restoration.’ ”

They heard his words with wonder—trusted in
them—

And gratefully and humbly render'd thanks.

The sick man drank the draught ; and soon he found
Its healing influence. *Adam* rais'd himself—

And, off'ring thanks to GOD, he took the hand

Of *Abel*, saying thus : “ Blessed be thou,

“ My son, by whom the LORD hath sent me help;

“ Thou, who hast found such pleasure in His eyes ;

“ Whose pray'r He hath accepted, and hath an-
swer'd.

“ Again I bless thee, my beloved son.”

Eve and his sisters then embrac'd him also.

Cain at this instant came within the dwelling.

While in the field he had been much perplex'd

With thoughtful cares, and anxious hopes and fears.

“ I will return,” said he, “ unto my father :

“ Perhaps he needs my help : perhaps, alas !
“ He may be dead already ; and yet I
“ Have not receiv’d a blessing from his lips !
“ I will return—for I do love my father.”

Straightway he enter’d—with amazement saw
The signs of joy and gladness all around.
He heard his father’s blessing on his brother.
His wife, *Mahala*, hasten’d to embrace him :
“ My love,” said she, “ the L ORD hath sent us help
“ By *Abel’s* hand.” *Cain* then approach’d the bed
Where *Adam* lay ; and bending on his hand,
Said, “ I salute thee, father : prais’d be G OD
“ Who thus restores thee to our pray’rs and tears.
“ But, O my father, have you not for me
“ A blessing also ?—you have bless’d my brother—
“ Then bless me also—me, your first-born son.”

Adam beheld him with sincere affection ;
And, pressing both his hands between his own,
Said, “ *Cain*, my son, I do give thee my blessing :
“ Be bless’d of G OD, my eldest—first-born son.
“ May His most gracious favour rest upon thee,
“ And thy soul know the lasting joys of peace.”
Cain then embrac’d his brother, like the rest.

He left his father’s dwelling, and withdrew
To the recesses of a shady grove,
Where, overcome by gloomy melancholy,

He ponder'd o'er the parting words of *Adam*.
“ Peace and tranquillity !—and still repose !—
“ Where shall I find these things, and how enjoy
 them ?
“ Was I not forc'd to ask—to beg a blessing,
“ While free affection pour'd one on my brother ?
“ I am indeed allow'd my rank of elder ;
“ But what advantage is this rank to me ?
“ Abundant misery is my inheritance,
“ And deep disdain my everlasting portion.
“ By *Abel's* hand my father is restor'd ;
“ I and my pray'r are both alike rejected.
“ Heaven's messengers do not appear to me ;
“ But with contempt they pass, regardless of me.
“ While in the labours of the field I spend
“ My strength, and while great drops of perspira-
 tion
“ Stand on my face, embrown'd by burning heat ;
“ The angels converse hold with him whose hands
“ Are soft, and white, and all-unsoil'd by work :
“ Who lies in idle pass-time near his flocks ;
“ Or, in unmanly mood, is shedding tears
“ Because the dew is glittering on the grass,
“ Or the bright sun is setting in the clouds
“ With tints of gold and purple round his head.
“ O happy favourite ! Nature smiles on thee :

“ *I only* feel the curse ! ‘Tis I alone
“ Who by my *forehead’s sweat* do eat my bread ?
“ On me, and on my wretched head doth fall
“ The sole and total weight of malediction !
“ I am in everything, indeed, unhappy !”
Revolving in his melancholy brain
These gloomy thoughts and darksome images,
(Which take their rise and spring within the heart
Where envy and where hatred hold their reign)
He wander’d in the thick and shady woods.

The sun was setting o’er the distant hills
When *Adam*, calling unto *Eve*, his wife,
Said, “ Ere the day be clos’d I would, my love,
“ Give thanks to God, who hath restor’d my
health.”

He left his bed, and with renewed strength,
And by his daughters twain accompanied,
Approach’d the entrance of his humble cot.
There, in the evening ray, he kneeled down,
And, viewing with delight the country round—
“ Behold me here !” he cried, “ my SOVEREIGN

LORD,

“ Prostrate before Thy face—deeply imbu’d
“ With a full sense of Thine unbounded goodness !
“ Ye agonizing pangs, where are ye now ?
“ What is become of you ? ye pierc’d my bones,

“ And very close ye trench’d upon my life :
“ Yet in the midst of anguish did my soul
“ Not lose her hope ; but, confident in GOD,
“ There plac’d her trust, and was not disappointed.
“ The ALMIGHTY lent a favourable ear
“ Unto the cries and groans of sinful man.
“ He deign’d to smile upon me—health return’d—
“ Sickness, and pain, and sorrow were no more.
“ Thanks be to Him, death is not *yet* triumphant.
“ I shall still praise my MAKER in this house
“ Of clay—this habitation of corruption.
“ Yea, I *will* praise Thee ; e’en from early dawn
“ Unto the rising of the evening star.
“ While to this earthly frame my soul is bound,
“ It shall give utterance to grateful praise,
“ Altho’ it be in weak and broken accents.
“ But when, set free from this obstructing dust,
“ And rising in mid-air triumphantly,
“ It shall behold Thy glories face to face,
“ Array’d in all the lustre of Thy might—
“ Then it shall praise Thy name in strains refin’d ;
“ In more exalted strains—more worthy of Thee.
“ O ye angelic host, enshrin’d in light !
“ Cast down your eyes on this abode of death—
“ This dwelling-place of sinners ! Earth did shake
“ From its foundation when defil’d by sin,

“ And when its MAKER turn’d away His face :
“ Yet on this earth He now displays His love,
“ And all the wondrous workings of His grace.
“ Attune your golden harps, then, to His praise :
“ Exalt His name in strains of seraphims,
“ While man, weak man, can scarcely lisp the same.
“ O, sun I do salute thee ! I salute
“ Thy parting beams. When that thy morning
 rays
“ Arose upon these fields, I groan’d in pain :
“ When they illum’d my cot, they met my sighs :
“ But now, ere yet that they have given place
“ To evening twilight—lo ! on bended knee,
“ I am returning thanks for ills remov’d
“ By Him who bade thee shine—THE LORD OF
 LIFE,
“ Who hath lift up His countenance upon me.
“ You I salute too, O ye lofty mountains,
“ And all ye hills wide-scatter’d o’er the plain :
“ Still shall mine eyes behold, thrown from your
 tops,
“ The silvery brightness of the circling moon.
“ And you, ye feather’d songsters of the grove,
“ Who chant the praises of th’ ETERNAL ONE ;
“ Still shall your music recreate mine ear.
“ Ye limpid streams ! I shall again repose

“ My weary limbs upon your flowery banks ;
“ Again be lull’d to rest by your soft murmurs.
“ Ye groves, and woods, and bowers ; beneath your
shade
“ I still shall wander, shielded from the heat
“ Of noon’s too ardent ray. Thee I salute,
“ Nature entire—but Nature’s God alone
“ I worship and adore : for He it is
“ Who hath supported me and my vile clay,
“ When both were prone to crumble into dust.”

Thus did the Father of mankind express,
His grateful praise ; while all created things
Appear’d attentive to his thoughts and words,
And seem’d to feel and to felicitate,
His late return to life. The orb of day
Darted upon his head its sinking rays :
The evening zephyrs wafted on their wings
The aromatic odours of the groves,
As tho’ the flowers had charg’d them to exhale
Their closing sweets around him. All the birds
Which nestl’d in those groves, in joyful strains,
And with their softest notes, saluted him.

Abel and *Cain* approach’d, while *Adam* yet
Was offering up his evening orisons.
With pleasure they beheld his restoration.
The prayer ended, *Adam* rose from earth—

Embrac'd, and was embrac'd by, all his children;
 When he, and *Eve*, and *Thirza*, and *Mahala*,
 Retir'd within ; *Abel* and *Cain* remain'd.

“ Also let us, my brother,” *Abel* said,
 “ Render to GOD MOST HIGH, our ardent thanks
 “ For that He has restor'd our father to us.
 “ I will, by this night's moon, which now is rising,
 “ Offer upon mine altar a young lamb :
 “ Wilt thou not also make an equal off'r'ing ?”

Cain, with an angry and a gloomy look,
 Said ; “ Yes, I will present unto the LORD
 “ Such produce as my barren fields afford.”
Abel with graceful meekness quick reply'd—
 “ The LORD our GOD, my brother, counts as
 nought

“ The lamb which burns before Him on the altar:
 “ Nor does He more regard the fruits and flowers
 “ Which the fields furnish, and the fire consumes.
 “ 'Tis the in-dwelling piety which flames
 “ Within the heart of every worshipper,
 “ That gives to ev'ry off'r'ing all its worth.”

Cain answer'd him : “ Perchance the fire of Heav'n
 “ Will fall upon thy victim ; for by thee
 “ The LORD restor'd our father—I'm disdain'd.
 “ However, I will also make mine offering ;
 “ I owe, as well as thee, a grateful debt

“ Our father is as dear to me as thee :
“ Then let the **LORD** do with me as He will.”

Abel then fell upon the neck of *Cain*,
And said : “ My brother, O my dearest brother !
“ Wilt thou make cause of discontent of this ;
“ That by my hand our father was reliev’d ?
“ I was the messenger employ’d for all ;
“ We all did offer prayer, and all were answer’d.
“ Banish, I pray thee, then, these gloomy thoughts ;
“ These jealous, and unjust, and dark suspicions !
“ He who beholds the inmost of the heart,
“ Can readily detect each secret thought.
“ Offer thine off’ring freely : suffer not
“ A murmuring disposition to defile it :
“ And may the **LORD** accept the same, my brother,
“ And graciously bestow His blessing on thee.”

Cain answer’d not, but walk’d toward the field ;
And *Abel*, following him with pitying eye,
Repair’d to his own pastures. Each advanc’d
To sacrifice upon his separate altar.

Abel prepar’d a lamb—scatter’d thereon
Some odoriferous herbs and scented flowers—
Put fire to the pile—then falling down
In attitude of humble thankfulness,
Pour’d forth his grateful praises to his **God**.
The flame arose on high thro’ night’s deep gloom,

And cast its light around o'er hill and dale.
The zephyrs all were still ; the air was calm ;
The sacrifice itself was acceptable.

Cain laid upon his altar various fruits—
Put fire thereunto—and knelt before it.
Forthwith a sound was heard amongst the trees :
A furious whirlwind rose around the altar—
Dispers'd the unaccepted offering—
And cover'd *Cain* himself with smoke and flame.
All-trembling, he withdrew : when a loud voice,
Proceeding from the darkness, awfully
Gave utt'rance to these words—‘ Why tremblest
thou ?
‘ Why doth pale fear appear upon thy brow ?
‘ There is yet time : correct thyself : repent :
‘ If not, thy sin and its sure punishment
‘ Will follow thee : Oh ! hate not, then, thy brother.’

Cain, seiz'd with dread, forsook the sacrifice,
Pursu'd by wind and storm, which after him
Tempestuously did drive the eddying smoke.
His spirit sank within him. As he fled,
He cast his eyes upon his brother's off'ring ;
The steady flame whereof rose in the air
In spiral waves : he turn'd aside his head,
And, gnashing his teeth, exclaim'd—“ Ah ! there
I see

“ The favourite’s sacrifice : oh ! fly, mine eyes,
“ The hateful sight ! another look would fill
“ My soul with all the rage of the infernals.
“ Within my heart unwilling curses rise ;
“ Unwilling curses tremble on my lips :
“ But turn, unhappy wretch—upon thyself
“ Turn all thy fury : come, O dreaded death—
“ Destruction, come—and end at once my life
“ And all my woe. Oh ! wherefore did my sire
“ Submit to be seduc’d ? And why, my mother,
“ Did’st thou entail such mis’ry on thine offspring ?
“ Shall I present myself before you now
“ In all the horrors of my blank despair ?
“ Shall agony and wretchedness extreme,
“ And terrors insupportable, declare
“ And show the deep distress your lapse has caus’d ?
“ Ah ! no, unhappy man—revenge not thus
“ Thyself upon a father’s hoary head,
“ By bringing to his view such scenes of woe.
“ Remorse would kill him, even in my sight ;
“ And I, if possible, should be more wretched.
“ The wrath of GOD lies heavy on my head :
“ I am accus’d ; and He despairs mine off’ring.
“ Of all created things upon the earth
“ I am most desolate. The animals
“ Which graze the field—the reptiles of the ground,

“ Compar’d with me, are worthy to be envied.
“ O God of mercy ! if it be possible,
“ Extend that mercy to me. Turn away
“ The fierceness of Thy wrath, or once again
“ Reduce me to my native state of dust.
“ But what is it I say ? Oh ! obdurate heart,
“ Correct thyself, and He will pardon thee.
“ Choose then between the two—pardon or misery :
“ Mis’ry eternal ! inexpressible !
“ Yes, I have sinned : mine iniquities
“ Do rise above my head, and cry for vengeance.
“ Thou and Thy vengeance are most just, O God !
“ I must be guilty, since I am unhappy.
“ I will forsake perverseness and its ways :
“ Turn, then, thine eyes from all my past offences ;
“ Preserve me from offences yet to come :
“ Have pity, or—reduce me unto nothing.”

CANTO IV.

YET moisten'd was the air with dew of night—
The birds still slept in silence—nor had yet
The morning sun begun to gild the hills,
Or dissipate the thick and hovering mists ;
Yet *Cain* had left his cot, distress'd and melancholy.
Mahala, witless she was over-heard,
Had wept and pray'd for him throughout the night.
The darksome traces of a fix'd despair
Were much too visible upon his brow
To 'scape the observation of his wife.
She rais'd to Heaven her supplicating hands—
She begg'd for mercy and forgiveness for him—
She earnestly entreated grace divine
Might soften his hard heart, and soothe his soul
To heavenly consolation and to peace.
Her heartfelt grief, and her intense devotion,
(Lest she should wake the partner of her bed)
Were utter'd only in deep sighs and tears.

Yet had the inarticulate expression
Of her great sorrow reach'd the ears of *Cain*,
Who, all-unable to withstand her grief,
Had left his couch, and wander'd in the dawn.
His murmuring voice resounded through the air
Like gath'ring echos of the distant thunder.
“ Night odious ! night horrible !” said he :
“ What fears, what terrors, and what clouds sur-
round me !
“ Soon as imagination was becalm'd,
“ And gentle sleep began to hush my woes,
“ The voice of lamentation roused me.
“ Alas ! I only wake to wretchedness ;
“ And never more, it seems, shall taste repose.
“ Why did *Mahala* pray and weep for me ?
“ She knows not yet my off'ring was rejected.
“ Her tears do but increase my own distress :
“ Her groans are an addition to my grief,
“ And only serve to chase away my peace.
“ This day, like to the last, must all be pass'd
“ In hopeless sorrow, and in bitterness.
“ While approbation's smile rewards each deed
“ And ev'ry action of my happy brother,
“ (Whose every day is sooth'd with soft delight)
“ Sadness and sorrow ever follow me.
“ *Mahala*, I do love thee tenderly —

“ Yea, thou art dearer to me than myself:
“ Why then should’st thou, by ceaseless lamentations,
“ Fill with fresh anguish the few hours of rest—
“ The very few—my miseries have left me.”

He stopp’d, for shelter, ‘neath a bush which grew
Beside a rocky hillock : there he cried ;
“ O sleep, restore me here thy balmy blessing !
“ Unhappy that I am—worn by fatigue—
“ Subdu’d by fear and terror—I invok’d thee
“ In mine own humble cot : scarce had’st thou
 spread
“ Thy downy pinions o’er me, when the voice
“ Of plaintive sorrow chas’d thee from mine eyes.
“ Here there are none to trouble my repose,
“ Unless inanimate things, when influenc’d
“ By Heaven’s wrath, can drive away from me
“ All quiet even in this lone retreat.
“ O earth, which, by a curse far too severe,
“ Requirest such severe and painful toil ;
“ (For all my labour serves but to prolong
“ A life of daily wretchedness and woe)
“ At least now let me on thy bosom find
“ Some moments of repose—some hours of rest—
“ To renovate my all-exhausted strength.
“ I have no hope of other happiness—
“ Indeed I know of none !” He ceas’d to speak ;

And, cowering down upon the dewy ground,
The Power he had invok'd so piteously,
Soon wrapp'd him close within its sable wing.

Anamelech had watch'd the steps of *Cain* ;
And now was at his side. “ Deep sleep,” said he,
“ Hath clos'd his eyes. I will abide with him
“ In order to fulfil my destin'd purpose,
“ And to accelerate his sure destruction.
“ Come, and assist me, all ye hov'ring dreams :
“ Disturb his soul with crude fantastic visions :
“ Assemble every image that can fill
“ His heart and mind with fury and distraction.
“ Come, Envy, with corrosive tooth ; hot rage ;
“ And ev'ry deadly and tumultuous passion.”

Thus spake the Spirit impure ; and, with intent
Malign, lay down by *Cain*. The wind arose—
It howl'd within the caverns of the rocks—
It roar'd aloud amidst the neighb'ring groves ;
And, with rude gusts, it shook the hair of *Cain*.
But all in vain it spent its utmost force ;
For sleep sat heavy on his weary lids,
And by its potent spell still kept them clos'd.

As in a dream, the sleeper now beheld
A spacious plain, where many cottages
Of aspect mean were scatter'd here and there.
His sons and grandsons were dispers'd abroad,

Expos'd to all the fierceness of the sun,
Whose noon-day rays were pour'd upon their heads.
Assiduous at their toil, they gather'd fruits ;
Or else prepar'd the earth for further seeds :
Some, stooping to the ground, were seen to wound
Their hands by tearing up the thorny bramble,
Lest its wide-spreading roots and dark'ning shade
Should choak the rising grain, and render null
The expectations of their industry.
He also saw their busy wives engag'd
In various objects of domestic care.
Then *Eliel*, his eldest son, appear'd,
And on his shoulders bore a heavy load,
'Neath which he totter'd as the streaming sweat
Pour'd down his brown and furrow'd countenance ;
While discontent and sorrow fill'd his eye.
' Oh ! what a life of misery,' said he :
' How well and truly is the word fulfill'd
' Which hath impos'd this onerous task upon us !
' Were all the sons of *Adam* thus included ?
' Or did the heavy curse affect alone
' The elder-born, and all his suffering offspring ?
' Ah ! too severely is it felt by us,
' The sons of *Cain*, whose only portion is
' Unceasing toil and hopeless indigence ;
' While in yon fields, where *Abel's* children dwell,

‘(And whence our kinsmen, most unnatural,
‘Have banish’d us to this unfruitful spot)
‘All the delights of life are centered.
‘There doth the teeming earth spontaneously
‘Pour forth her bounties—there the sons of ease
‘Recline in fragrant and luxuriant bowers :
‘Nature herself is there subservient to them—
‘Every comfort, every kind of pleasure,
‘(If pleasure can be found on this our earth)
‘Is the full portion of those idle ones.’
Thus murmuring on his way, sullen and slow,
Eliel advanc’d towards the cottages.

Cain was now carried on the sportive wing
Of hot imagination’s fitful dream
To where a plain, enamell’d all with flowers,
Was water’d by innumerable brooks,
Whose limpid streams in cool meand’rings ran
Among the groves, and ‘neath the shady tufts
Of stately cedars, and of lofty trees
Which, bending o’er the banks, reflection found
(Upon the bosom of the glossy wave)
Of all the varied tints of all their fruits ;
And thus the beauty of the landscape doubl’d.
There groves of citron and of orange trees
Form’d cool retreats, where wanton zephyrs play’d,
Fanning with lightsome wing the sweets around.

In short, the place contain'd all those delights
Which later times have fabl'd to be found
In Tempe's vale of 'cumulated joys.

Cain there beheld large flocks of sheep and lambs,
White as the falling snow, in playful mood
The meads among, or cropping the green herb,
While that the lazy shepherd lay reclin'd
Beneath the branches of a spreading palm,
(With head encircl'd by a wreath of roses)
Chanting voluptuously an amorous lay.

Young men and maids were seen, like loves and
graces,
Weaving in measur'd steps the festive dance :
The grape's bright juice in golden goblets shone ;
Delicious fruits were heap'd upon the board ;
And softest music fill'd the ambient air.

Amidst this gay and dissipated throng
A young man rose, and thus address'd the crowd :
' I do rejoice with you, my jovial friends ;
' Let us rejoice in our felicity.
' Nature smiles on us ; and has here conjoin'd,
' In this delightful spot, all earthly things
' Which please the eye, or charm the heart of man.
' But to conserve or to renew her bounties,
' We must again return to toil and labour.
' What ! shall our hands, so soft, and form'd to touch

‘ The gentle lute and sweetly sounding lyre,
‘ Be render’d hard and callous by the work
‘ And drudgery of the field ? and shall our heads,
‘ Which now so well become these crowns of flowers,
‘ Again be bar’d to meet the sun’s fierce rays ?
‘ No—but we will recline on beds of violets
‘ Beneath the myrtle, while the sons of earth
‘ (The brawny ‘habitants of yonder plains)
‘ Shall, in our stead, endure fatigue and toil.
‘ The men shall till our ground—their wives and
daughters
‘ Shall be to us as handmaids, and as servants.
‘ What say you, friends, to this so pleasing prospect ?
‘ Your smiles approve—then lend to me your aid,
‘ And ere to-morrow’s dawn this goodly scheme,
‘ Which seems no more than a mere fancy-sketch,
‘ Shall be reduc’d to sure reality.
‘ When that the Sun has drawn his rays from earth,
‘ And Night has spread her sable mantle o’er it,
‘ We will in silence march to yonder cots
‘ Where dwell the rustic herd, whom we shall find,
‘ After the rugged labours of the day,
‘ Doubtless all buried in the arms of sleep ;
‘ We then with ease shall make them captives, all !
‘ Our number is superior to theirs :
‘ This fact is true, and strange it may appear

' That I do counsel silence, and choose night
' Wherein to execute our stealthy plot :
' But know, my friends, these men are very strong—
' Hardship and toil have brac'd their iron nerves—
' Sudden despair may make them desperate.
' Be it our aim, then, to avoid a battle,
' In which, if victors, we may suffer loss ;
' And let us take the mode least dangerous,
' Whereby we may effect our wily purpose.'

The youth sat down : the whole assembl'd throng
With voice unanimous bespoke his praise,
And testified their readiness to join
In the infernal scheme, by loud applause.

Another scene now met the eyes of *Cain*—
'Twas night, and lurid light lit up the darkness.
He heard the cries of fear and desolation,
Mingl'd with shouts of insult and of triumph.
He saw the fields, the woods, and distant hills
Illumin'd by the flames of burning huts ;
And by this dreadful light beheld his sons,
Their sons and grandsons, bound ; and, with their
wives
And little ones, march like a flock of sheep ;
All-tamely driven on by *Abel's* children.

Such was the dream of *Cain* : and though asleep,
He was in trouble and in great distress.

Abel, perceiving him beneath the trees,
Approach'd, and in a plaintive voice exclaim'd—
“ A-ha, my brother, soon mayest thou awake!
“ Fain would I now embrace thee, and impart
“ The sweet sensations which I feel towards thee.
“ I do behold, with pain, thine inward grief,
“ And gladly would remove from off thy soul
“ The fatal jealousy which mars thy peace.
“ Awake, O *Cain*, awake ! that once again
“ My heart may taste the pleasurable cup
“ Which overflows in re-conciliation.
“ But hush, impatient wishes—gently breathe,
“ Ye winds—cease your untimely melody,
“ Ye birds—lest ye disturb the slight repose
“ My brother scarce enjoys : perhaps his limbs,
“ Fatigu'd by labour, longer yet require
“ The sweet restorative of balmy sleep.
“ But how uneasy seems to be his sleep !
“ How pale and wan he lies ! what rage and fury
“ Appear to mark their presence by his features !
“ Visions of terror, why do you distress him ?
“ Oh ! leave his soul to taste tranquillity,
“ Ye Spirits of imaginary horrors !
“ Ye pleasing images, take ye possession !
“ Bring to his mind all earthly scenes of good—
“ The occupations of domestic life—

“ The dear delights of husband and of father.
“ May every thing that’s lovely soothe his soul ;
“ May he awake as wakes the smiling morn ;
“ May joy sit on his brow, and his full heart
“ Pour itself out in grateful praise to Him,
“ The Author and the Giver of all good !”
He spoke no more ; but stood surveying *Cain*
With eyes of wonder, anxiousness, and love.

As a fierce lion, sleeping in the wood,
Doth sudden start when pierc’d by hunter’s spear,
And with loud roar, and foaming, seeks his foe—
Whose blazing eyes give menace of destruction
To the first object which his fury meets,
Although it be but childhood’s playful form—
So *Cain* arose : his eyes were all-inflam’d ;
And rancour sat upon his pallid cheek :
A storm of wrath was gathering on his brow :
The cloud then burst—he stamp’d upon the ground—
“ Open, O earth, he cried ; open, and hide
“ Me from my miseries in thy lowest gulph !
“ My life is one continu’d round of toil,
“ Distress, and trouble ; and, as though this much
“ Were not enough of evil in my cup,
“ I do foresee—sight insupportable—
“ I do foresee the time will surely come
“ When mine own children shall my woes inherit !

“ But I implore in vain ; earth will not open :
“ Th’ all-powerful AVENGER hath restrain’d it.
“ I must—such is His will—I must be wretched :
“ And to insure this doom, and to disturb
“ The scanty share I have of present good,
“ HIMSELF lifts up the veil from future ills.
“ Accursed be the hour when first my mother
“ Gave proof of sad fertility by me !
“ Accursed be the place where first she felt
“ The pangs of child-birth ! may its products perish !
“ May he who sows it lose his seed and labour !
“ May sudden terror strike, e’en through the bones,
“ All those whose luckless foot shall wander o’er it !”

Such were the words of *Cain*. *Abel* approach’d
With slow and faltering step : with trembling voice
He cried ; “ My brother ! No—it cannot be !
“ What horror freezes up my very blood !
“ It must be one of the rebellious spirits
“ Whom the ETERNAL cast from heaven down,
“ Has ta’en his form, and vents these imprecations.
“ Where art thou, O my brother ? Let me fly
“ To meet thee, and to bless thee, O my brother !
“ Again I say, my brother, where art thou ?”
“ Behold me here, cried *Cain*, with voice like
 thunder :
“ Behold me here, thou soft and favour’d one ;

“ Thou dearest minion of the dread ETERNAL !
“ E'en thou, whose vip'rous race shall soon engross
“ All the felicity this world affords.
“ It must be so—’tis fit there should be slaves,
“ As beasts of burthen, to the favour'd line.
“ Their soften'd limbs must not endure the toil
“ Of painful labour : form'd for sumptuous ease,
“ These sons of sloth recline in shady bowers,
“ Whilst I and mine—all hell is in my heart—”

Th' astonish'd *Abel*, interrupting, said :

“ What terrifying dream has troubl'd thee ?
“ I sought thee in the early dawn, my brother,
“ All to embrace thee at the springing day :
“ But in what agitation do I find thee,
“ And how dost thou return my anxious love !
“ Oh ! when shall amity exist between us,
“ And peace, sweet peace, descend upon our dwell-
 ing ?
“ When will the day arrive, the happy day
“ (For which so ardently our parents long)
“ When social joy shall re-establish'd be,
“ And all one family be re-united ?
“ Canst thou so soon forget the dear delights,
“ The sacred joys of reconciliation,
“ Of which thou seem'dst of late so sensible ?
“ Have I offended thee, my dearest brother ?

“ If so, unknowingly have I offended.
“ But wherefore cast on me such furious looks?
“ I do entreat thee to forget my faults,
“ Involuntary faults—and to forgive them.”
This said, he stoop’d to clasp his brother’s knees ;
But *Cain*, enrag’d and starting back, exclaim’d—
“ Thou serpent ! would’st thou twine thyself about
me ?”

Then, with an arm made doubly strong by madness,
He swung a massive club and smote his brother.
The dying victim fell beneath the blow :
His head was beaten in—the bones were crush’d.
He rais’d his eyes to his un-natural brother
With looks of pardon, pity, and compassion;
Then clos’d them once again—and then expir’d.
His blood distain’d the curls of his fair hair,
And, in a stream, approach’d his murderer.

Cain stood aghast, and motionless, and fix’d :
Cold perspiration form’d, in drops, upon him
While he beheld the agonizing throes
And last convulsions of his dying brother.
The smoke of the warm blood ascended up
Even to him, as though it cried for vengeance.
“ Accursed blow !” said he : “ Awake, my brother !
“ Awake—awake ! how pale and wan he lies—

“ His eyes are clos’d—the blood streams from his head—

“ Oh ! wretched that I was, what am I now ?

“ Infernal horrors seize me——”

Thus he exclaim’d aloud ; and furiously
He cast away the bloody club : then struck
His temples violently. He stooped o'er
The lifeless body—tried to raise it up—
“ Oh ! anguish insupportable, he cried ;
“ My crime is pardonless ! what shall I do ?
“ Where shall I fly ? ah ! whither shall I go ?
“ My tottering knees will scarcely bear me hence—”
He turn’d, and hid himself amongst the trees.

Anamelech, with triumph in his look,
Maintain’d his station close beside the dead.
Elate with pride, he stretch’d his towering form
To its full height ; while his dark countenance
Seem’d brooding o'er the ruin he had caus'd,
Just like the tall and black and smoky pillar
Which rises from the lonely tenement
Whose ashes mark the havoc fire hath made.
He follow’d, with his eyes, the criminal—
Cast on the corpse a most complacent smile—
Then said : “ Oh ! pleasing sight : for the first time
“ I see this earth is wet with human blood !

“ The springs of Heaven, before that fatal hour
“ Wherein the MASTER of the universe
“ Hurl’d us all-headlong from the seats of bliss,
“ Ne’er gave me half the joy this pleasure gives.
“ Oh ! never did th’ Arc-angel’s sounding harp
“ Pour forth such rapturous strains as those I hear
“ In the last sighs of man by his own brother mur-
 der’d.
“ And thou, the noblest of thy MAKER’S works ;
“ The last, best effort of His potent hand ;
“ What a contemptuous object art thou now !
“ Rise, beauteous youth ! rise up, thou friend of an-
 gels !
“ These idle orisons do ill become
“ The worship of thy Guardian, and thy God !
“ But lo ! he stirs not ; neither doth regard ;
“ His brother’s hand hath quench’d his spark of life.

“ Of mean, and dastard, and ignoble spirits,
“ Whom no achievement of a high emprise
“ Has dignified beyond their base compeers.”
Inflate with arrogance, he turn'd once more
To feast his eyes upon the new-made corpse :
But, instantaneously, in-felt despair
Dispell'd the smile satanic from his brow,
And left its hideous traces there in lieu.
Torment extreme possess'd and overwhelm'd him—
He curs'd his own undying state of life—
Cursed eternity—and, yelling, fled.

Th' expiring sighs of *Abel* mounted up
Towards the throne of GOD, and vengeance ask'd
Of equal justice on the murderer.
Awful and loud the thunder's note was heard
From heaven's high sanctuary : the golden harps
Of the Arc-angels' choir had ceas'd to sound :
The hallelujahs of the heavenly host
Were interrupted : thrice the thunder roll'd
Throughout the lofty arch of heaven's expanse.
A voice then follow'd, issuing from the cloud
Which compassed the throne of THE ETERNAL.
It summon'd an Arc-angel— swift as light
He strait approach'd the seat of THE MOST HIGH,
Veiling his face with his resplendent wings.
To him th' ALMIGHTY, thus :—“ Death has now
made

“ His prey on man, and on his sinful race.
“ Henceforth be it thy function to collect
“ The souls of all the just. When fallen man
“ Is languishing within the grasp of death,
“ Be thou his comforter; and by the hope
“ Of bliss eternal do thou re-assure him
“ In that dread moment of anxiety,
“ When, trembling at the change, his doubting soul
“ Fears to be separated from its dust.
“ Then shalt thou calm his fears, and turn his eye
“ From off the view of my all-rigorous justice,
“ And fix it on my sure and tender mercies.
“ Haste now to earth to meet the soul of *Abel*.—
“ Go, *Michael*, to the murderer, and tell
“ The sentence which I have pronounc'd against him.”
Thus spoke th' ETERNAL—and again the sound
Of threefold thunder echo'd through the sky.

With rapid wing the heavenly messengers
Pass'd through the ranks of the celestial host;
The golden portals op'd spontaneously;
Whence, traversing the blue ethereal space
Where suns unnumber'd shine resplendently,
(Each in the centre of surrounding spheres)
They sped their way to this our nether world.

The Angel, minist'ring in the hour of death,
Call'd forth the soul of *Abel* from the dust.

It mounted upward with a smile of joy.
The more refined portions of the body—
Those parts more pure and spirituous than the rest—
Flew off, and mingl'd with the essences
Of flowers balsamic which sprang up around
The space irradiate by th' angelic presence.
These compassed the soul, and form'd for it
A more ethereal body, incorrupt :
It then experienc'd transport quite unknown
And un-imagin'd in its earthly state.

“ I do salute thee,” said the heavenly Spirit ;
“ I do salute thee, O thou happy soul,
“ Now disengag'd from thine encumb'ring dust :
“ Receive my earnest and my warm embraces.
“ To me it is increas'd felicity
“ That on my head the happy lot is cast
“ To introduce thee to the realms of light,
“ Where hosts of angels wait to hail thy coming.
“ O picture to thyself, beloved soul,
“ What 'tis to see thy God as face to face—
“ To have communion with Him now and ever !
“ Soon shalt thou taste the riches of His grace,
“ And the mysterious wonders of His love !
“ Soon wilt thou know the vast rewards prepar'd
“ For those who seek, approve, and practise virtue.
“ O thou, the first to doff the mortal clay,

“ And, cloth’d in light, to rise to life immortal—
“ Once more I do most earnestly salute thee.”

“ Suffer me also, my celestial friend,
“ Thee to embrace,” replied the soul of *Abel*,
As it reclin’d (beneath the o’erwhelming sense
Of its beatitude) upon the angel.

It then broke forth in words scarce half express’d :

“ Delight extreme—bliss in-expressible !

“ While that I was imprison’d in the dust,

“ (From which I now am graciously releas’d)

“ Oft did I meditate in solitude

“ Upon the wondrous works of the CREATOR.

“ Those sublime thoughts e’en then did elevate

“ And raise my soul, as ‘twere, beyond myself ;

“ And I experienc’d, tho’ unconsciously,

“ Some glimmerings of the bliss I now enjoy :

“ But how are my ideas now enlarg’d—

“ How are the attributes of the Divinity

“ Exalted and expanded in my view !

“ Where now are all the beauties of the spring ? ”

“ O sun, where now is all thy dazzling lustre ? ”

“ Ye are indeed eclips’d, and far outshone :

“ All sublunary things are past and gone ;

“ Eternity is mine—and I shall hence

“ For ever be employ’d in praising Him

“ Who with unbounded graciousness bestows

“ Felicity un-ending upon those
“ Whose hearts and minds are set on virtuous
 deeds,
“ And whose delight is in the beauteous truth
“ Of holy fear, and perfect love, of God.”
 Thus did these happy Spirits interchange
Their mutual endearments ; when th’ arc-angel
Said, in soft accents ; “ Follow me, my friend—
“ Follow my rapid flight, and quit the earth,
“ Where nothing that is left is dear to thee
“ But what is good, and true, and virtuous.
“ Regret not any that are left behind ;
“ For when a few more swift revolving years
“ Shall have prepar’d them for a better world,
“ They too shall follow and partake thy lot.
“ With expectation the celestial choir
“ Now waits thy coming—ardently they wait :
“ Haste to embrace these new and anxious friends,
“ And join with them in ceaseless hallelujahs
“ To their, and your, and our, ETERNAL KING.”
 “ I follow thee with joy : ” *Abel* replied.
“ O my beloved kindred, whom I leave
“ Embody’d still in dust ; who must fulfil
“ Your pointed period in this vale of tears ;
“ When that the days thereof are all expir’d—
“ The hour of dissolution close at hand—

“ And the bright messenger of Heav’n prepar’d
“ To meet, and to receive you, in the air—
“ I will accompany him : for at the foot
“ Of the ALMIGHTY’s throne I’ll ask this grace.
“ With what delight shall I then see your souls
“ Rise from this seat of death to life eternal !
“ And thou too, *Thirza*, my belov’d companion—
“ When thou hast yet a little longer wept
“ Thy sad bereavement o’er my mouldering dust,
“ And rear’d to manhood all the infant plants
“ That now but prattle forth their thoughts around
 thee—
“ Thou, too, shalt be releas’d by death, and join
 me.”

Thus *Abel* spake : and, rising in the air,
He gradually lost all sight of earth.
While taking a last look of those abodes
Whose habitants were still endear’d to him,
He cast his eyes upon his brother’s form.
Remorse was deeply printed on his brow—
His clenched hands were held above his head—
He rais’d his eyes imploringly to Heav’n—
Then, frantic with despair, beat on his breast—
Cast himself down, and roll’d him in the dust.
Tears of compassion fell from *Abel’s* eyes
As piteously he shunn’d the frightful scene.

His heavenly guide was now by multitudes
Of angels join'd ; the tut'lar spirits of earth
Surrounded the celestial travellers :
They met the soul of *Abel* with delight,
And rapturously pour'd forth their gratulations
On its deliverance from sin and death :
They then embrac'd him with a holy transport,
And, having brought him to the utmost verge
Of this our limited terrestrial sphere,
They rested on a ruby-colour'd cloud ;
And to their silver lutes, and golden harps,
They join'd the melody of their sweet voices,
Chaunting in chorus, thus :—

Song of the Tutelar Spirits.

“ He rises ! to his native land
The new inhabitant of heav'n rises !
Do homage, all ye brilliant band
Of constellations which in orbits roll
Throughout the vast immensity of space
Which spreads on either hand from pole to pole.

“ Do homage to the earth, your own compeer ;
And pay this tribute, too, with utmost gladness :
For glory 'tis to such an opaque sphere

T' have nourish'd in its dust, and in its sadness,
A Being thus prepar'd for life immortal.
Glow then, ye verdant fields, with brighter
 brightness ;
Reflect, ye hills and vales, a purer lightness !

“ He rises ! to his native land
The new inhabitant of heav'n rises !
Legions of angels at th' eternal gates,
Wait his arrival on the heavenly strand.

“ With what supreme delight
Will they not welcome to the seats of bliss
The first-born son of light ;
 Greeting their new companion with a kiss.

“ What will not be his transport when he roves
Through heaven's ambrosial fields of evergreen,
Where fadeless flowers adorn the woods and groves
 Disportingly in everlasting sheen ;
Where he will join th' angelic choir in song,
 Ascribing glory, honour, praise, dominion, power,
To Whom all glory, honour, praise, and pow'r be-
long.

“ Already have we sung the natal day
When first his soul descended to the earth
From its Creator’s hand ; where, form’d of clay,
Unto substantial body it gave birth.

“ Already have we celebrated thee,
O festive day ; and still will sing thy praise,
For that we saw his mind from infancy
To virtue’s heights itself attempt to raise.

“ From child to youth—from youth to manhood’s
prime,
It hasten’d to maturity and strength ;
Like as the lily in the spring of time
From lowly root attains aspiring length.

“ His aspirations we have seen with joy—
With joy beheld him while we were unseen :
Have prov’d his deeds, tho’ mingl’d with alloy,
To aim at being what they should have been.

“ With all his sorrow we have sympathiz’d—
In all his gladness we have borne a part :
In his devotions we have realiz’d
A heavenly influence reigning in the heart.

“ Where virtue is the motive and the guide,
E'en human actions take the tinge of Heav'n :
Come then, immortal Spirit, and divide
With us th' eternity which God hath giv'n.

“ He rises ! to his native land
The new inhabitant of heav'n rises !
Receive him, ye celestial band ;
And crown his brows with everlasting light
Whom the Most High is pleas'd to honour thus,
And thus to keep eternally in sight.

“ Like to a faded flower, yonder lies
The dust he has abandoned withal.
O Earth, receive it ; and his obsequies
In thine own bosom, underneath the pall
Of covering night, perform with sacred care ;
For in the eyes of Him who gave life's span,
Right dear's the death of ev'ry righteous man.”

They ceas'd : and to his post each one return'd.
Cain wander'd in despair among the woods :
From place to place he rov'd—but change of place

Chang'd not his rueful state ; for 'twas within
His inmost soul horror had fix'd itself.

As when a trav'ler quickeneth his pace
In vain t' avoid an irritated snake,
Whose poisonous fangs and pestilential breath
Pursue him closely and unfailingly—
So *Cain* essay'd to fly his heartfelt pain.

“ Oh ! that I could no more behold,” he cried,
“ The streaming blood ! I strive indeed t' escape,
“ But still it follows me—’tis at my feet !
“ Oh ! whither shall I go ? where shall I fly ?
“ His latest look is glancing at me now—
“ What have I done ? Oh ! wretched that I am,
“ The dreadful deed was sure the work of hell !
“ What noise was that ?—Why sighs again the
dead ?—
“ Haste far away, my feet ; haste far away,
“ And bear me from these sights and sounds of
woe.”

Not so escap'd he : for a stormy cloud
Then gather'd round him, out of which there came
An awful voice—“ Where is thy brother, *Cain* ?”
“ I know not,” he replied ; am I his keeper ?”
Loud thunders shook the ground—the sky was
fir'd—

The trees and bushes seem'd to blaze around,

And *Michæl*, the arc-angel, stood before him.
On his majestic brow was visible
Th' imprinted menace of th' avenging JUDGE :
In his right hand the forked lightning glar'd ;
His left extended o'er th' appalled sinner.
He spoke ; and once again the thunder peal'd.
“ Stop, trembler ! hear thy sentence, and thy
doom.
“ Thus saith the LORD—‘ What is it thou hast
done ?
“ ‘ Thy brother's blood doth lift its voice to me
“ ‘ From off the ground, where thine own hand
hath spill'd it !
“ ‘ Cursed art thou for this : for this the earth
“ ‘ Shall be for ever barren unto thee ;
“ ‘ A vagabond upon it shalt thou be.’ ”
Transfix'd and motionless the culprit stood—
His head reclining, and his eyes cast down :
At length he cried, in low and broken sounds ;
“ My punishment is more than I can bear :
“ A fugitive and vagabond I am ;
“ Cursed on earth—where can I hide myself ?
“ Cast out from social life—who meeteth me
“ Will lift his hand against me, and will slay me.”
“ A-sev'n-fold vengeance shall alight on him
“ Who sheds thy blood ;” said *Michæl*, the arc-angel.

“ Disquietude, and keen remorse, and fear,
“ Are strongly printed on thy furrow’d brow :
“ By these shalt thou be known ; and all who see
“ These marks upon thy forehead shall recoil,
“ And shun the pathway of the murderer.”
Thus having said, th’ Arc-angel disappear’d.

Cain stood immovable : despair had fix’d
Its withering fangs upon him : yet was seen
A fierceness in his looks unnatural.
Wild fear at length broke through the hollow calm,
And from his quivering lips these accents fell :
“ Why has He not annihilated me ?
“ Wherefore not made an end, so that no trace
“ Of me or mine might yet remain on earth ?
“ Or why was I not blasted by His lightning—
“ Or hurl’d from out creation by His thunder ?
“ Ah ! no—my fate is not so merciful—
“ His ire reserves me for perpetual suffering—
“ Detested by my fellows ; shunn’d by all ;
“ Nature abhors me—I abhor myself.
“ Already the attendant ministers
“ On guilt do haunt me—shame, remorse, despair.
“ Shut out from the society of men—
“ Banish’d from God’s upholding presence with
 me—
“ I shall endure Hell’s torments upon earth :

“ Yes, even here—yes, now—I feel them now.
“ Cursed be thou, O fratricidal arm,
“ For following up so hastily and sure
“ The fatal impulses of blinded passion !
“ Oh ! that thou mightest wither upon me,
“ Like to a blighted limb on blasted tree !
“ Curs’d be the hour wherein a dream from hell
“ So cruelly deceiv’d me ! Curs’d be thou,
“ Infernal fiend—thou who suggested it.
“ This is your hour of triumph, ye Spirits of darkness !”

Worn out with agony and strong excitement,
Cain sank upon the ground as he were dead.
But presently up-starting, he exclaim’d :
“ What is it that I hear ?—the voice of *Abel* ?
“ He groans aloud—I see his streaming blood—
“ My brother ! O my brother ! cease these sounds ;
“ In pity to my anguish, cease to haunt me !”
He said no more : and silence reign’d around.

In the mean time the Father of mankind,
With *Eve* his wife, came forth to meet the morn.
“ How brilliantly the sun darts his first rays :
“ How beautifully does he gild the mist
“ That hovers o’er the ground as loth to go !
“ How charming the appearance of all nature !
“ Let us walk on, said *Eve*, amidst the dew,

“ Until the hour of labour calls thee, *Adam*,
“ Forth to the field, and me unto our home.
“ O my beloved, still this earth is lovely !
“ Behold how every creature doth rejoice—
“ Each bush, and hill, pours forth its melody—
“ The cattle too, and every animal ;
“ How they do brisk, and bound, and chase each
other ;
“ And with what gaiety and life they seem
“ To meet the morning rays and welcome them.”

Adam replied, “ It is—it still is beauteous :
“ Still it doth bear the mark, and witnesseth
“ The impress and the presence, of its God.
“ His goodness yet remains—unquenchable ;
“ And all our folly and ingratitude
“ Have not been able to extinguish it.
“ His merciful munificence indeed
“ Exceeds the power of language to express ;
“ Nay, is too vast to be conceiv'd by us.
“ Let us approach, my love, those flowery fields
“ Where *Abel* feeds his flock : we there may find
“ That duteous son, chaunting his morning hymn
“ Melodiously in praise of our Creator.”
“ Let us first go,” said *Eve*, “ to *Cain's* retreat :
“ I have a little present for my first-born ;
“ Some figs, and a few bunches of dried grapes ;

“ A cool refreshment they will be to him
“ When he retires from the mid-day sun
“ To seek the shade, and respite from fatigue.
“ Let us go first to him; for fain would I
“ Chase from his mind the thought he entertains
“ That he is not so much belov’d as *Abel*.
 “ Attentive and considerate thou art
“ In all thy tender care,” responded *Adam*:
“ Let us then haste to *Cain*, and bear to him
“ Thy little present, that he may not say
“ All our concern and care are giv’n to *Abel*.
“ May the serenity of this bright morn
“ Dispose his heart to take all soft impressions.
“ How happy should we be to find his soul
“ Attun’d to the delights of filial love.”

Emerging from behind some underwood,
Eve, being in advance, stepp’d back in haste,
And tremulously said: “ Who lieth there?
“ *Adam*, who is ‘t lies there?—he is not like
“ To one asleep—his face is on the ground!
“ Surely I know those golden locks are *Abel’s*!
“ Why do I tremble, *Adam*? *Abel*, wake—
“ Awake, my son, and let me see thy face:
“ Awake thou from a sleep that frightens me!”
 “ What do I see?” said *Adam*—(venturing nearer)
“ Blood! ‘tis blood, fast trickling from his head!”

“ O *Abel* ! O my son ! my dearest son !”
Cried *Eve*, while sinking into *Adam’s* arms,
Pale as the object of her lamentation.
Of further speech grief had depriv’d them both ;
When *Cain* (made frantic by his black despair)
Came, without purpose, to the very spot
Where lay the body of his murder’d brother ;
And finding there his father and his mother,
All-pale, and motionless, and horror-stricken—
He cried aloud with strong and furious voice,
“ He verily is dead ! ‘Twas I who kill’d him !”
“ Father of men ! accursed be the hour
“ When thou begatatest me—and thou, O woman !
“ May curses fall upon the evil time
“ When thou didst bring me forth into the world !”
He then repeated the appalling words :
“ He’s dead—’twas I who kill’d him !—” and he
fled.
Adam, recovering from the sudden shock
Which seal’d his senses as it were in sleep,
Awoke once more to sad reality.
“ Where am I ?” he exclaim’d : and what is this ?
“ Ah ! wretched that I am—what shall I do ?
“ Oh ! how can I support the dreadful thought—
“ His brother kill’d him ; and has cursed us !
“ O miserable parent—for one son

“ Lies dead before thee, while the elder-born
“ Vents impious imprecations on thy head !
“ What ills—what torments have I not induc’d
“ Upon myself, and my more wretched offspring !
“ Ah, fatal sin ! — And thou too, *Eve*, where art
thou ?—
“ Wakest thou not ?—Oh ! how my terrors double.
“ Art thou, too, dead ?—and am I left alone—
“ A prey to anguish, sole, and comfortless ?
“ Yet in the midst of this great desolation,
“ O God, I cannot but revere thy hand—
“ Acknowledge thy decrees—and own them just :
“ *I am a sinner, and deserve it all.*
“ O death, delay not to come unto *me* !
“ O *Abel*, O my son, my son, my son !”
Again he cast a look upon the corpse,
And, sorrowing, said to *Eve* (to life returning) :
“ At length thou wakest—but alas ! alas !
“ To what a scene of horrors dost thou wake.”
Eve faintly answer’d—“ Is the murderer gone ?
“ The voice of cursing thunders now no more—
“ No more its sounds are ringing in my ears :
“ Curse *me* ! and me alone ; O fratricide—
“ I was the first who sinn’d.—My child ! my child !
“ Awake, awake, and turn thine eyes upon me.
“ Alas ! I call in vain.—This, then, is death—

“ The death entail’d upon us by the fall.
“ Oh, torment insupportable!—’twas I,
“ The first to sin—then to seduce *thee, Adam.*
“ O my beloved husband—wretched father—
“ Of me, of me, demand thine *Abel’s* blood!
“ Of me, my wretched children, ask your brother!”
“ Cease, *Eve*,” said *Adam*; “ cease these self-reproaches:
“ We both have sinn’d—and both of us are guilty.
“ These bitter fruits of disobedience
“ Too sadly call to mind our past misdeeds:
“ But He whom we’ve offended—our Creator—
“ (Whose heavy hand is now chastising us)
“ Doth still regard us with a pitying eye:
“ We’re yet allow’d to supplicate His mercy:
“ He has not utterly destroy’d the sinners.
“ We yet do live: and our immortal souls
“ Are quite beyond the reach and power of Death.
“ He only can despoil us of the body,
“ Already subject unto pain and grief;
“ But our immortal spirits will, if pure,
“ Triumphant ascend to realms of light,
“ Where all is happiness, and peace, and love;
“ Where dwells the glory of the living God;
“ And where our duty and delight ’twill be
“ In everlasting hymns to sound His praise.

“ Oh ! let this thought—this hope—this trust—console us.”

“ Yes, my beloved son,” said *Eve*, in tears ;
“ Death has deliver’d thee from pain and grief :
“ Thou art no more expos’d to suffering :
“ Oh ! that it were our lot to follow thee ;
“ But we must still endure the tribulations
“ And the inquietudes from which thou’rt free :
“ Nor can I cease to weep while memory
“ Bears witness to thy worth—thy filial love.
“ Oh ! *Adam*, what a sight is now that corpse !
“ Where are those cheering smiles, that chasten’d
 look,
“ (Sweet emanations of a gentle soul)
“ Which us’d to sit so softly on his brow ?
“ How faded now—how livid is his cheek !
“ No longer shall we hear harmonious sounds
“ Pour’d out in strains seraphic from his lips ;
“ Nor find our souls borne upward by the words
“ Of heavenly converse thence proceeding forth ;
“ Nor sympathize in each express’d sensation.
“ With what delight and transport have I seen
“ Those eyes, now fix’d in death, shed tears of joy
“ Upon the slightest signs of that strong love—
“ Love inexpressible—which warm’d my heart
“ When pondering o’er his virtues manifold.

“ Ah ! my beloved son ! thy sorrowing mother
“ For ever must deplore thy sudden death.
“ Oh ! sin, how dreadful are thine inroads here !
“ What hideous forms thou dost assume around us !”
Again she sank upon the lifeless clay,
While *Adam* thus, again, express'd his grief.
“ Oh ! how am I abandon'd and become
“ A desolation and a dreary waste !
“ A gloomy desert in the space around me ;
“ And Nature's self hath chang'd her very face.
“ No longer does she seem to smile upon me.
“ O *Abel, Abel*, art thou really dead ?
“ Thou who didst fill my life with gladdening
 hope ;
“ Art thou indeed no more—no more alive ?
“ Me miserable ! what will now beset me”—
Thus did the parents of the human race
Pour out their lamentations, and the grief
Which fill'd their hearts from a new source of woe,
O'er the first victim of the victor, Death ;
When *Adam*, raising his dejected eyes,
Beheld approach a heavenly messenger.
His brow serene announc'd the calm of peace ;
And in his eye soft sympathy was seen.
The Angel near'd towards them. *Adam* said ;
“ Lift up thine eyes, O *Eve*, and dry thy tears :

“ Behold ! a child of heaven approaches us
“ With healing in his wings. Already is my soul
“ Imbu’d with something like to consolation :
“ Already has my heart lost half the load
“ Of that oppression under which it groan’d.
“ O GOD, I acquiesce in Thine appointments—
“ I bow with adoration ’neath Thy judgements—
“ With thankfulness acknowledge all Thy mercies !
“ Rise, *Eve*, and let us meet the Comforter.”

Eve, leaning on her husband, upward rose ;
And the bright Spirit stood erect before them.
He cast awhile his eyes upon the corpse
(As ‘twere to contemplate the work of Death)
But turn’d them soon on *Adam* and on *Eve*,
And in harmonious voice, and accent mild,
Said : “ Blessed be ye who mourn the spoil of death
“ In this your son ; for THE MOST HIGH hath seen,
“ And sent to visit you in your affliction.
“ Among the angels whose commission ‘tis
“ To watch and guard th’ inhabitants of earth,
“ I was most oft in company with *Abel*.
“ My task it was to tune his voice in song,
“ And to inspire his soul with such ideas
“ Of future life and its felicity
“ As mortal dust was capable of forming :
“ He now experiences their full fruition :

“ Th’ immortal soul survives, and he is happy.
“ Let this assuage your grief; and do not mourn
“ Like unto those who sorrow without hope.
“ He now is free’d from all incumbrances,
“ And fitted to enjoy supreme delights
“ Which far exceed all those imaginings
“ Which make their way to mortal intellect
“ Through the dark medium of the natural senses.
“ Yet weep, my friends; he well deserv’d your love:
“ Lament your loss ; but let his gain console you.
“ You are but separated for a time :
“ For soon the ministering Angel of death
“ Shall, in his course, pay *you* a visit also.
“ Then will you both rejoin your much-lov’d son—
“ Never to part again. The King of terrors
“ To each of you will wear a different form ;
“ But you will each receive him as becomes
“ A candidate for future happiness,
“ And welcome him as an expected friend.
“ Now hearken, *Adam*, to my parting word,
“ And to the message which I bear withal :
“ Restore this body to its native dust—
“ Dig a deep pit wherein to place the same—
“ Then cover it with earth till no more seen.”
Adam, now calm’d by the inspiring words
And parting glance of the sweet Comforter,

Said ; " Praise to Thee, and praises to Thy name,
" O GOD MOST HIGH, be render'd-up for ever.
" Thy tender mercies are not yet withdrawn—
" Thou dost compassionate our sad distress—
" And Thou dost send thine angels to console us.
" We will not, therefore, mourn despairingly,
" Like those who 're banish'd from Thy cheering
presence,
" For still we do partake Thy bounteous goodness.
" With this encouragement how can we then
" Repine or murmur at Thy dispensations,
" Although the thorns and briars of affliction
" Be scatter'd here and there across the path
" Which leads from temporal things to things eter-
nal—
" From earth to heaven—the dwelling-place of
God ! "

With *Eve's* assistance, *Adam* now essay'd
To raise the corpse and bear it thence away.
Follow'd by *Eve*, in tears, he slowly mov'd
Beneath the mournful burthen tow'rds his home.

CANTO V.

As one who, dreaming an o'erhanging rock
Is prone to fall upon his slumbering head,
Leaps up and hastens from the dangerous spot
One moment only ere the falling mass
Has crush'd the lov'd companion of his life—
So *Thirza* rose, affrighted, from her bed,
Where terrifying visions had disturb'd
The hours allotted to repose or sleep.
“ What fearful images have pass'd before me !
“ Such as are like,” she said, “ to nought in nature.
“ O welcome, cheerful light of rising day,
“ For thou hast scatter'd them like shades of night !
“ Hail to you also, sweetly smelling flowers ;
“ Dear objects of my most attentive care ;
“ Your various odours, which the morning sun
“ Draws forth as incense to his glowing beams,
“ Will give refreshment to my 'wilder'd brain :
“ And your soft melody, ye joyous throng
“ Of feather'd habitants of the pure air,
“ Will wake serenity within my soul.
“ I will arise and join your morning song,
“ In praise of Him in whose behalf you sing.”

Thirza's Morning Prison.

“ CREATOR omni-potent ; mighty God !
My soul succumbs before Thine awful rod :
Thy goodness, in its vast immensity,
It cannot but express imperfectly.

“ Thine ever-waking Providential care
Doth guard Thy creatures wheresoe'er they are :
In sleep, when cover'd by the veil of night,
Or in the early dawn of morning light.

“ Then may my grateful thanks ascend to Thee,
Though offer'd by a worm on bended knee ;
And let my praises reach Thy sacred throne,
Although commingl'd with the spirit's moan.

“ My heart still throbs, said she ! and still is lodg'd
“ Within my breast anxiety unwonted.
“ What mean these fitful fears—these inward doubts
“ Which seem to shake my very soul with trembling.
“ My mind is darken'd, like the heaven above
“ When gathering clouds portend the coming storm.
“ Where art thou, *Abel* ? where, my best belov'd?—

“ Pursu’d by gloomy terrors which oppress me,
“ I haste to lose them in thy fond embrace.”

Thus speaking to herself, she hasten’d on,
When, passing by the cottage of *Mahala*,
The latter ran to meet and to salute her.

“ Where art thou going in such haste, my sister,
“ Thy hair disorder’d, and thy flowing curls
“ Nor bound, nor deck’d with e’en a single flower?”

“ I go, said *Thirza*, to seek my beloved.

“ Unusual terrors have this night disturb’d me,

“ And my full heart is still oppress’d by fears

“ Which the serenity of this bright morn

“ Is all-unable to disperse or banish :

“ I therefore run to seek the gladd’ning smile

“ And presence of my husband, in whose arms

“ I hope to lose these fearful apprehensions.”

The spouse of *Cain* replied, in stif’l sighs,

“ Oh ! happy, happy sister : I, alas !

“ Have no such sweet resources : I should be

“ Lost to all consolation, were it not

“ I have a father who doth love me dearly—

“ A tender mother unto whom I’m dear—

“ And you, my sister, and your husband too.

“ Yes, ‘tis with you I lose the load of woe

“ *Cain’s* discontent heaps on my wretched head.

“ To him, unhappy ! all the smiles of earth

“ Are only sources of black melancholy ;
“ And all the abundance which his fields repay
“ To healthful toil, doth only serve to wake
“ Increas’d regret, and that continually.
“ But more than all, my *Thirza*, do I feel
“ His causeless, and unkind, and fix’d dislike
“ Of our dear brother—mild and gentle *Abel*.”

Mahala wept ; and, mingling tears with hers,
Thirza replied ; “ the same idea, my sister,
“ Hath troubl’d us : *Abel* and I have spent
“ Some anxious hours, and still more anxious
 thoughts,
“ Deeply bewailing this inveterate hatred.
“ Our only hope is in the hand of HEAVEN.
“ Oft in the sleepless night we offer up
“ A fervent prayer to Him who rules the storm,
“ To shed one gracious ray of cheering light
“ Across the gloom which harbours in his breast :
“ To pluck from thence the rank and baneful weeds
“ Which, spreading there, will choak all principle
“ Of human-kindness and of social virtue.
“ Ah ! my dear sister, were thy husband kind
“ And gentle as our brother *Abel* is,
“ Peace would again shine forth—domestic peace—
“ And pleasure smile upon and bless our dwellings :
“ Our father’s brow would not be wrapp’d in care—

“ Our mother’s eye would not be dimm’d with tears.”
“ This also is the subject of my prayer—
“ My prayer incessant;” said *Mahala*, weeping.
“ When darkness covers all the face of nature,
“ And earth is wrapp’d in silence and in gloom,
“ I do bewail thy husband’s obduracy
“ And ask the **LORD** to soften his hard heart :
“ Sometimes my agonizing soul bursts forth,
“ ‘Spite of myself, in sighs, and sobs, and groans :
“ Then he awakes, and in a fearful voice
“ And terrifying tone accuses me
“ Of robbing him of sleep—the only good
“ Which he enjoys on this most wretched earth ;
“ So heavily accus’d, and so denounc’d,
“ By the **AVENGER** of our parents’ sin.
“ Ah ! my dear sister, I am thus employ’d
“ In mental cogitation all the day,
“ While that my hands are busy in the cares
“ And occupations of domestic life.
“ My innocent and unsuspecting children,
“ While playing round me, see my falling tears,
“ And ask, with fond caresses, why I weep.
“ O ! *Thirza, Thirza*, I am fading fast
“ Like a fair flower, or a young green tree,
“ When intercepted by some deadly shade
“ From the bright sun’s all-cheering light and heat.

“ This very day *Cain* left our dwelling-place
“ Before the dawn, with wild and ghastly looks ;
“ Full of despair, and terrible to view.
“ Never, no, never have I yet beheld
“ So dark a gloom upon his countenance :
“ His brows were knit by rage ; and anger flash'd
“ From his wild eye, fierce as the lightning's glance.
“ With horror petrified—as he went forth
“ I heard him curse the hour of his birth.
“ But yet I have not lost all gleam of hope,
“ For now and then (and thou thyself hast seen it)
“ His better feelings break through all this cloud
“ Of gathering blackness, and his soul then seems
“ Alive to the sweet calm of social love.
“ Then he acknowledges t' have injur'd us—
“ Forgiveness asks—and seeks a reconcilement.
“ Too soon, alas ! the light withdraws itselv' ;
“ As doth the sun sometimes in winter's days
“ When, 'twixt the storms, he darts a cheering ray,
“ Then, lost in closing clouds, is hid from sight.
“ Still, *Thirza*, let us hope that as the Spring
“ Restores all nature unto light and life,
“ So may my husband's heart be soon restor'd
“ To the bright sunshine of tranquillity.
“ For this we will not cease to make our pray'r—
“ For this I have not ceas'd to nourish hope.”

Scarce had *Mahala* spoken these few words,
When *Thirza* cried ; “ what mournful sound is that ?
“ ‘Tis not the cry of pain—from yonder trees
“ It comes—*Mahala*, now it nearer comes—”

With tottering steps and slow, *Adam* approach’d,
Bending beneath the lifeless form of *Abel* ;
Eve by his side : when, ever and anon,

Towards the corpse she turn’d her pallid face,
Then hid it in her hair, dropping with tears.
The sisters now perceiv’d it ; for their Sire,
Press’d by his load, had laid it on the ground.

“ Oh ! what is this ?—where am I ? *Thirza* cried :

“ Oh ! why did I awake—most hateful light.

“ See how he lies, *Mahala*—he is dead !

“ O *Abel*, my beloved—wretched me—

“ Oh ! light most hateful—why did I awake !”

“ Oh ! no—it cannot be—he is not *dead*—

“ Thy voice,” *Mahala* said ; “ thy voice, my sister,

“ And thine embrace will rouse him from this *sleep*.”

“ O my dear father, O my mother dear,”

Said *Thirza* (nearing now the fatal spot)

“ What dreadful terrors seize upon my soul—

“ O *Abel*, O my husband, joy, and life,

“ Awake, awake ;—unutterable woe !

“ He will not hear me—he will not awake.”

She then did throw herself upon the corpse

With outstretch'd arms, in order to embrace it ;
But at the sight of blood and the deep wound,
(Which still was bleeding) she was overcome—
Shriek'd loud and wildly—and then senseless fell ;
Lifeless and motionless as him she mourn'd.
Mahala, by her side, dissolv'd in tears,
Now wrung her hands—now rais'd her eyes to
heav'n—

Then fix'd them, as for ever, on the corpse.

Adam, whose grief was now renew'd by that
Which fell upon his daughters, thus address'd them :
“ O *Thirza* and *Mahala*, children dear,
“ I would to God my anguish could assuage
“ And keep from pain the hearts of those I love.
“ But since this cannot be, I pray you hear
“ And listen to the words of consolation.
“ While *Eve* and I were weeping o'er this clay,
“ An angel-spirit came and spoke to us.
“ ‘ Weep not,’ said he, ‘ but be ye comforted :
“ ‘ He whom you now lament is still in being :
“ ‘ He has but left this covering of dust ’
“ ‘ To take upon him an immortal form ;
“ ‘ And is more happy now than he could be
“ ‘ While yet envelop'd in an earthly mould.
“ ‘ Ye are but separated for a time ;
“ ‘ And when that time shall touch upon its fulness,

“ ‘ Eternity shall surely re-unite you.’
“ Let us not, then—oh ! let us not, *Mahala*,
“ Profane the parting moments of the blest
“ By inconsolable and fruitless tears ;
“ Nor sin against HIGH HEAVEN by our despair.”
Mahala answer’d—raising high her hands
Above her head—“ why do you blame our tears ?
“ Can we forbear to weep ? Can we forbear
“ To make these lamentations, O my father,
“ While *Abel* lies before us cold and dead ?
“ O thou, our consolation and our joy !
“ O *Abel*, now that thou art lost to us,
“ Our sweetest occupation and employ
“ Will be to weep for thee until we die.
“ Yes—thou art now releas’d from this vain world—
“ And thy free’d spirit doubtless now is happy.
“ We, too, will hope to share thy happiness
“ When our CREATOR calls us to our home
“ From this sad exile—from this house of sorrow,
“ Made still more desolate by losing thee.
“ Oh ! where wert thou, my husband, where wert
thou
“ When thy dear brother, *Abel*, ceas’d to breathe ?
“ Had’st thou been with him, with what earnest love
“ Would he have thrown his dying arms around
thee—

“ Have sought the sweet return of thine embraces—
“ Implor’d a blessing on thy term of life—
“ And, with expiring lips, bid thee be happy.
“ Oh ! what a great relief to all thy woes
“ Would the remembrance of such scene have been :
“ How would it not have calm’d thy future days—
“ But, O my mother, what new grief is this ?
“ Why stream your eyes afresh with floods of tears ?
“ My father, why this horror on your brow ?
“ Speak, I conjure you—Oh ! my tortur’d heart !
“ Where, where is *Cain*—my husband—where is
Cain ? ”

Eve quick replied: “ my child, who knoweth
where ? ”

“ Pursu’d by vengeance, and by wrath divine—
“ Ah ! most unhappy, miserable man !
“ What would I say—I tremble as I speak”—
“ ‘Tis he—’tis he—Oh ! spare me not, my mother;
“ Oh ! spare me not,” *Mahala* interpos’d :
“ On me alone let all the tempest fall ;
“ I am already crush’d, and torn in twain
“ By dreadful apprehensions—*Cain* has kill’d him ! ”
“ ‘Tis even so,” said *Eve*; “ then speechless stood.”
“ Where art thou, fratricide ? ” *Mahala* cried :
“ And into what retreat has guilt pursu’d thee ?
“ Has the ALMIGHTY THUNDER ’veng’d thy brother ? ”

“ Dost thou now cease to be—or to what land

“ Of fell despair hath thine own conscience led
thee?”

“ O barbarous fratricide! vile murderer!

“ How could’st thou kill thy brother?” *Thirza* cried:

“ So kind a brother too—accursed *Cain*—”

“ Hold,” said *Mahala*; “ he is yet thy brother—

“ My husband too—then curse him not, my sister :

“ But let us rather now implore for him

“ That mercy which his victim would have sought,

“ And doubtless now doth seek, in his behalf:

“ Curse him not, *Thirza*; do not curse thy brother.”

“ Oh! whither does excessive grief transport me?

“ I hope, *Mahala*, that I did not curse him.”

“ O my beloved,” *Thirza* then exclaim’d;

“ Would that I had been present at thy death—

“ Had kiss’d thy quivering lips—seen thy last look—

“ Had heard the last expressions of thy love—

“ Receiv’d thy last embrace—and died with thee !

“ But now, alas! I’m left in solitude—

“ A prey to grief and woes unutterable.

“ Each object which I see, or hear, or touch,

“ Of all that heretofore inspir’d delight,

“ Will now but add to, and increase, my sorrow.

“ Ye shady bowers, which now are desolate,

“ Will only bring to mind the form of him

“ Whose wont it was, within your calm retreats,
“ To hold sweet converse with me day by day :
“ The murmuring fountains, in their softest strains,
“ Will ask me whither is my partner gone :
“ The hills, and plains, and groves, and streams, and
 all,
“ To me alike are desolate and lone.
“ All, all are hateful to me ; since no more
“ I see the form of him who made them lovely.
“ I shall indeed behold him—but how chang'd—
“ Pale features, sightless eyes, and clotted blood,
“ Where once the dignity of manhood sat—
“ Where soft persuasion hung upon the lip—
“ Sweet melody in every voice and tone—
“ And where the charms of grace and beauty shone,
“ Conspicuous in the image of his GOD !
“ Oh ! let me thus indulge unceasing grief
“ Till my soul leaves its kindred dust with his,
“ And re-unites with him in realms above.”

Thus *Thirza* pour'd her lamentations forth,
While drown'd in tears, beside the lifeless clay.
Eve's sorrow was increas'd and multiplied
By that her sorrowing daughters were o'erwhelm'd
 with.

“ Cease now, I pray ; *Mahala, Thirza,* cease ;
“ These sighs and groans do but augment my woe :

“ Each tear you shed doth bear a keen reproach ;
“ For unto me is due the primal cause
“ Of all this anguish and this misery.
“ ’Twas mine own guilty disobedience
“ Which introduc’d both sin and death to us.
“ I have undone you all !—Forgive me then,
“ Forgive me, O my children, this misdeed ;
“ For I am punish’d by the pains I bear
“ To bring you into being—into life !
“ Cease then to rend my heart by endless grief.”
“ O dearest mother, whose indulgent care
“ Hath guarded us in helpless infancy ;
“ Far be it from us to excite distress,
“ Or aggravate the grief we would assuage ;
“ Still further be it from us to reproach thee.
“ Our deep complaints are not in our control,
“ But needs must force themselves in sighs and
 tears :
“ ’Tis nature’s voice, and cannot be restrain’d.”
 Adam here interpos’d, and thus he spoke :
“ Let us no longer tarry to restore
“ This precious dust to dust ; but haste to do
“ As we ’re commanded by the **LORD** our **GOD**.
“ The lenient hand of time will dry our tears.
“ Reason will give us victory over grief;
“ And we shall rather learn to long to be

“ Partakers of his happiness, than wish
“ To bring him back to share our misery.”
All gave consent; but *Thirza* once again
Clung to the corpse, and wept a long farewell.
While *Adam* dug the grave, *Eve* and *Mahala*
Stood weeping by his side; when presently
The infant sons of *Cain*—fair *Eliel*
With golden hair, the other nam’d *Josiah*—
Approach’d the spot where lay the corpse of *Abel*.
“ Brother, *Josiah*,” said the elder boy,
“ Who is it sobs so loud? let’s go and see—”
“ Ah! that is *Abel* yonder, ‘tis our uncle.
“ How pale he is—his hair is dipp’d in blood—
“ He lies just like a lamb which is prepar’d
“ To burn upon the altar.—*Eliel*,
“ See how *Thirza* lies beside him weeping—
“ He does not mind her tears, nor look at her:
“ I’m frighten’d, *Eliel*; take me to our mother.”
They hasten’d to *Mahala*, round the grave;
And, clinging to her, said—“ Why weep you too?
“ Why lies our uncle there, so pale and bloody,
“ Just like a lamb prepar’d for sacrifice?”
Mahala tenderly embrac’d the boys,
While streams of tears pour’d on their curly heads.
“ Death has destroy’d your uncle—he is dead—
“ His soul (which was his life) is gone to Heaven,

“ For ever there to dwell with holy angels.”

“ Then he will wake no more,” said *Eliel*;

“ *Josiah*, never shall we hear again

“ Those pretty hymns our uncle us’d to sing.

“ He will not talk to us—he will not wake !”

Then, bursting into tears, they hid themselves

Within the folding vestments of their mother.

Now *Adam*, having finish’d his sad task,

Said ; “ Rise up, *Thirza*, and we will commit

“ This mortal clay unto the earth it sprang from.”

She rose as from a trance, and then exclaim’d :

“ Yes, I have seen him—seen him as he is—

“ All-shining brightly in celestial robes.

“ ‘ Weep not,’ said he; ‘ weep not, my dearest
Thirza :

“ ‘ Soon shalt thou join me in the realms above,

“ ‘ Where death no more shall interfere between us.’

“ Then casting on me a most heavenly smile,

“ He disappear’d, and left me comforted.”

Thus speaking, she retreated tow’rds her mo-
ther,

Who, with *Mahala* and her little ones,

Stood by the grave while *Adam* plac’d therein

The corpse of *Abel*, cover’d up in skins.

This done, they knelt beside the new-made grave,

When *Adam*, in a low and solemn tone,
Pronounc'd this first oration o'er the dead:—

Adam's Funeral Oration.

“ O Thou who dwellest in the highest heav'n,
“ CREATOR, GOD, ETERNAL, INFINITE,
“ JUSTICE and MERCY equally combin'd—
“ We, sinners, kneel before Thee in the dust.
“ From *Abel's* grave (the first of human kind)
“ O ! may our pray'r's ascend toward Thy throne.
“ Look down upon us with compassion's eye
“ In this our vale of misery and death.
“ Altho' our sins be infinitely great,
“ Yet let Thy goodness infinite be greater.
“ We know we are polluted in Thy sight;
“ And that Thou art of much too pure an eye
“ Than to behold iniquity and sin :
“ Yet hast Thou not withdrawn Thy countenance,
“ Nor turn'd away Thy gracious favour from us—
“ Still Thou permittest us to seek Thy face—
“ Thou hast not yet abandoned the sinner.
“ May praise eternal rise to Thee for this !
“ Thy works, O God, do ever give thee praise :
“ The vegetating beauties of the spring—
“ The calm serene of the expanded heaven—

“ Speak soft in praise of Thy beneficence.
“ The thunder’s loud reverberating voice—
“ The ratt’ling hail, the wind, and howling storm—
“ Do awfully proclaim Thy mighty pow’r.
“ Mercy is glorified in smiles of joy—
“ Thy justice manifest in tears of sorrow.
“ Through these we have beheld the son of sin,
“ Death—frightful death—in form deplorable !
“ Guilt led him by the hand, e’en to our home.
“ Black tempests gather’d round the direful pair—
“ Earth groan’d beneath their step—Hell triumph’d
 in them.
“ *My first-born son*—he is the murdere! !
“ O God, be merciful and gracious to him !
“ From us, who now presume to supplicate
“ For him and for ourselves, turn not away.
“ Cast him not off, we pray—no, not for ever !
“ When mourning in the dust for his offence—
“ When trembling at the thought of his deep
 crime—
“ When overwhelm’d by torturing remorse—
“ He weeps, and groans, and prostrate falls before
 Thee
“ With contrite heart and penitential tears ;
“ Then look upon him with a pitying eye—
“ Assuage his anguish—save him from despair.

“ We have, at Thy command, restor’d to earth
“ The perishable remnant of the dead.
“ Hear us, we pray, now that we cry to Thee
“ For those who live—for him through whom came
 death.
“ Let him not perish in Thy wrath, O God !
“ For this, Thy mercy, we will supplicate
“ At every rising, every setting sun.
“ E’en in the silent night, when all is hush’d,
“ And Nature’s veil is drawn o’er all her works,
“ We will implore Thy gracious pardon for him.
 “ Eternal praise be render’d unto Thee
“ For that Thou hast receiv’d unto Thyself
“ The soul of the deceas’d : Death’s foremost
 prey—
“ But now his conqueror ! We, too, shall die,
“ And follow after ; each and every one.
“ But, thanks to Thee, we shall o’erleap the grave ;
“ And, passing thro’ the dark and silent tomb,
“ Shall meet again in realms of light and life.
 “ O Thou, at whose command the Heav’ns
 arose,
“ And this inferior world from nothing came ;
“ At Thy dread word they all shall cease to be,
“ Dissolve, and perish : Thou alone remainest ;
“ Eternal, infinite, unchangeable :

“ And Thou wilt gather from the dust all those
“ Who seek Thy face, and would return to Thee ;
“ For on this promise all our hopes are fix'd—
“ ‘ *The woman's seed shall bruise the serpent's head.*’
“ Leap then for joy, O earth ! chaunt forth the
 praise
“ Of Him who hath created—will restore.
“ E'en in the midst of our calamity
“ We will exalt and magnify His name.
“ Tho' man be fallen, he is not cast off :
“ Altho' degraded, he will rise again ;
“ For Mercy shines above the Judgement-seat,
“ And in the promise both are verified.
“ O ! mystery sublime and most profound—
“ Wrapp'd in obscurity, yet full of hope—
“ Impenetrable source of consolation !
“ The sinner thus is reconcil'd to God—
“ Th' offender is restor'd to life and peace !
“ O ! let us, then, not yield to fell despair,
“ If life's short course be fill'd with joy and sorrow.
“ When Death approaches, he will break the bonds
“ That chain us to the world, and set us free
“ From all the evils of the malediction :
“ Himself the first pronounc'd—the last in act.
“ Then those who, while enwrapp'd in this vile
 clay,

“ Forgot not their original creation,
“ But sought the likeness and the love of God—
“ They shall assemble in the world on high,
“ In mansions not like these, not made with hands,
“ But wrought of God, eternal, in the heavens.
“ I see them now!—the whole assembly seem
“ Now present to my view in numbers great
“ Beyond compute—pure as the flame which burns
“ In its descent upon the sacrifice!
“ They stand arrang'd before the throne of God—
“ They feel His presence, and they see His face—
“ Oh! vision beatific! thought transporting!
“ Sensations rapturous, past understanding—
“ Too much for e'en arc-angels to express,
“ Except imperfectly: man—man can only feel
them.”

Adam here ceas'd to speak; and Nature's self
Seem'd wrapp'd in silence, all: each breeze was
hush'd;

And universal stillness reign'd around,
While Time led on the sober evening hour.

Amidst this calm *Cain* only was disturb'd.
Pursu'd by fear, by horror, and remorse—
The fruits of guilt—he rov'd from place to place
'Till, spent with toil, he sat him down to rest
Beneath the faint beam of the rising moon;

And thus, in accents of despair, he broke
The peaceful silence of the coming night.
“ O gentle moon ; and you, ye starry lights ;
“ 'Neath your mild reign all nature seeks repose,
“ Save only man—’tis man alone who wakes.
“ And why is this ? ’tis my accursed hand
“ Hath banish’d from his dwelling peace and
rest,
“ And substituted grief and lamentation !
“ The groans of my bewailing parents rise
“ To heaven for vengeance, and accuse me there.
“ This day—turn pale, O moon, and hear it ;
“ Hear it, ye stars, and hide yourselves in dark-
ness—
“ This day the earth has drank in human blood !
“ The blood of man shed by a brother’s hand !
“ Henceforth, bright luminaries, cease to shed
“ Your precious influences on my head.
“ Accursed is the ground whereon I tread ;
“ And I am banish’d from the face of man.
“ Hide me, O hide me, in eternal gloom ;
“ And darkly shroud me from fair Nature’s eye !
“ Yes, I will fly—oh ! whither shall I fly—
“ To some drear region where the foot of man
“ Hath not yet press’d the lank and faded grass :
“ I’ll dwell among the rocks and precipices

“ Where birds of prey do build their lonesome nests ;
“ Or in the caverns where the wild beasts dwell,
“ And where still water trickles, as in tears,
“ From their deep hollows to the swamps below,
“ Wherein the loathsome reptile tribes are found.
“ Ah ! no, no, no ; e'en these, I fear, will shun me :
“ They all are natural, and kill no brothers !
“ Shade me then, darkness, from the cheering sky—
“ Shade me, some horrid gloom, from living things—
“ There let me dwell in solitary state,
“ And howl out my existence in despair.”

Thus *Cain* bewail'd his wretchedness and woe.
He ceas'd, and sat abandon'd to mute grief.
No bird of night disturb'd the awful hour,
But, frighten'd by the sound of human wail,
They fled in silence and forsook the place.

Again the voice of *Cain* was heard aloud,
Though less in anger than in sorrow now.
Casting around a melancholy eye,
He thus address'd e'en things inanimate :
“ O pity me, ye woods—ye fields, weep for me ;
“ No words can tell the sum of all my woe,
“ And pity is a debt to misery.

“ O Nature, deck’d in beauty, grieve for me—
“ For me, now lost to beauty—lost to thee.
“ Mourn for me, ev’ry creature ; all who taste,
“ And see, and feel, the efficacious pow’r
“ Of an all-present and a gracious GOD ;
“ Not so to me—to me no grace remains :
“ I only feel His pow’r, and fear His wrath :
“ He only is to me a vengeful GOD—
“ The just AVENGER of a brother’s blood !”
Again he ceas’d to speak, and paus’d awhile:
Then, with a deep-drawn sigh, exclaim’d — “ I
weep !
“ Can such a wretch as I am shed a tear ?
“ Welcome, ye precious drops, if it be so—
“ Ye will attest to me my heart is soften’d ;
“ And that despair hath giv’n its place to grief.
“ Flow on my tears, and thou O earth, receive
them.
“ Altho’ thou art accursed for my sake,
“ Yet let thy surface drink them in as witness
“ To some unlook’d-for change—some new emo-
tion.
“ Yes, while the darkness hides me, I will go
“ And seek the dwellings of my wife and parents—
“ The desolate abode of widow’d *Thirza* :
“ I will again behold them, and will bless them.

“ What did I say ?—the angry winds would sure
“ Disperse the salutations of my lips :
“ Unhallow’d lips—polluted—stain’d with blood !
“ Lips which can neither give nor crave a blessing.
“ I will, however, go and once more see them :
“ Mingle my tears with theirs : deplore my guilt :
“ And then—yes, then I will for ever fly them :
“ Fly from the light of their reproaching eyes—
“ From thee, *Mahala*—and from you, my chil-
dren !”

Here agony intense and inward woe
Once more restrain’d him. Still he wander’d on
And reach’d the grove which *Abel’s* hand had rear’d
Beside the spring. He then recall’d to mind
His brother’s words when finishing that work :—
‘ Ye trees, for ever flourish ; and spread wide
‘ Your ample branches, underneath whose shade
‘ Our children’s children may sweet converse hold,
‘ And tell the story of their origin
‘ As they shall learn from us : that in this place
‘ *Eve* brought her first-born forth—and cherish’d
 him,
‘ And sooth’d his infant cries with her caresses.
‘ He was the earliest solace of her exile :
‘ She view’d him with a marvellous delight,
‘ And call’d him *Cain*, meaning thereby to say—

‘ *From the Lord’s hand have I received thee.*’
The murderer pass’d the spot with quicken’d step
And with averted face ; while keen remorse
In close attendance hung on memory’s train.

Cain had now pass’d the terrifying grove,
And, drawing near the cottages, he cried :
“ How quiet deep affliction makes this place !
“ Aha ! that murmur—was it not a sigh ?
“ Whence come those piercing sounds of sleepless
grief ?
“ E’en from those dwellings, once, alas ! so happy.
“ Yes, ye once cheerful homes—in darkness wrapt,
“ Here stands the wretch whose hard and bloody
hand
“ Has made your sweet abodes the haunts of sorrow.
“ I breathe the air through which ascend the sighs
“ Of mourning parents—wife—and widow’d sister !
“ How dare I then approach this sacred spot—
“ Sacred to grief, the produce of *my crime* ?
“ Begone, and stain it not with thy vile presence !
“ Yes, I will go—far from you will I go—
“ But yet a little longer let mine eyes
“ Behold awhile your silent dwelling-places.
“ O suffer me to raise to Heaven my hands—
“ Polluted hands—to ask a blessing on you.
“ Then will I go :—and would that it might be

“ That, like a scape-goat, I might bear away
“ The wretchedness which I have brought upon
 you.
“ O may your mem’ries never be disturb’d
“ By the fell likeness of my horrid image !
“ And—dreadful wish of utter desolation—
“ O may I lose all mem’ry of myself !”
 Cain ceas’d to speak, and stood in silent woe ;
When presently was heard the gentle step
Of one advancing slowly thro’ the gloom.
He strove to fly ; but all in vain he strove,
For fear and trembling fix’d him to the spot.
The widow’d *Thirza*, sleepless and distress’d,
Had left her lonely bed, and wander’d forth
To seek her husband’s grave, and weep thereon.
She fix’d her eyes upon the firmament
Above her head, all-glittering bright with stars ;
Then, turning them to earth, said :—“ In this spot
“ Lies all that made my life desirable.
“ All my repose, and all my fond delight—
“ Lie ’neath this clay which now imbibes my tears.
“ Sleep has forsaken, too, my weary lids ;
“ And to my troubl’d soul no rest remains.
“ Flow on, my tears—my only consolation !
“ Ye shall fill up my melancholy hours,
“ Now that my days and nights shall be consum’d

“ In sad bewailings for thy loss, my husband !
“ ’Tis true that I have seen thee in thy glory :
“ But I have lost, alas ! the social tie—
“ Thy tenderness, endearing care, and love,
“ Throughout the remnant of a life of woe
“ Made doubly wretched by its solitude !
“ In vain I court the couch conjugal,
“ Where the sweet pledge of mutual affection
“ Lies by my side, lock’d in the arms of sleep :
“ No sleep is there for me—the Innocent
“ Smiles in its guiltless slumbers ; for, as yet,
“ It has no knowledge of the woes of mortals :
“ It knows not yet the loss it has in thee !
“ Ah ! my dear infant, I deplore thy fate :—
“ Depriv’d for ever of a father’s care—
“ Of an instructor of thy tender age—
“ A guide through youth—a friend in riper years ;
“ Thy wretched mother feels her want of strength—
“ Her want of wisdom to supply his place.
“ How cruelly we are bereav’d, my child !
“ Oh ! how is ev’ry comfort ravish’d from us !
“ And ravish’d from us by a brother’s hand !
“ Horrid reflection !—where’s the fratricide ?
“ Where has despair, and keen remorse——? but
 no—
“ O INFINITE in mercy, GOD of grace !

“ Turn not away my pray'r—my pray'r for *him*.
“ Hear *him*, too, when he lifts his supplication,
“ And cries to Thee in penitential tears.
“ When with a broken and a contrite heart
“ He asks forgiveness, and laments his crime ;
“ Be Thou to him a PARDONING GOD and PEACE.”

After short pause, she rais'd her eyes to heav'n
And said—“ Bright star of night, how oft hast
thou

“ Been witness to our mutual endearments,
“ As in our homeward path our souls have held
“ Sweet converse 'neath thy soft and pleasing light.
“ But now thy beams are cast upon the grave
“ Where ev'ry human excellence lies buried !
“ There sleeps, to wake no more, the hope, the joy
“ Of weeping parents and of sorrowing sisters !
“ There lies in death—my love, my life, my hus-
band !”

Long silence now possess'd her, 'whelm'd in grief.
At length, surveying ev'ry object round,
She fix'd her eyes upon the leafy grove
Where *Abel* and herself pass'd many hours.
“ Ah ! lovely bower,” she cried : “ thou now art
lonely !

“ In vain the moonbeams pierce thy fragrant
shades !

“ No more within thy bounds the dear departed
“ Will offer up the evening sacrifice
“ Of prayer and praise ; or list the vesper hymns
“ Of happy birds, what time the ruddy light
“ Of setting sun call’d them to thy retreats !
“ Ah ! no, no, no—no more—but let me change
“ This moody spirit, these unjust repinings,
“ And let the memory of his presence here
“ Beguile my soul to thoughts above this grief,
“ As doth yon lamp of heav’n dispel the darkness.
“ O my beloved ! in that sweet retreat
“ How has devotion lighted up thine eyes !
“ How wert thou rais’d above mortality
“ When, in the exultation of thine heart,
“ Thou saidst ‘ My *Thirza*, what supreme delight
“ There is in consciousness of rectitude ;
“ What a high privilege to be allow’d
“ To supplicate, approach, and e’en to love
“ Him from whom these various beauties round us
“ Are but a faint and fleeting emanation !
“ Oh ! what delight is there in this creation
“ (All-beauteous tho’ it be) which can compare
“ With the assur’d conviction of His presence
“ In all His works, and that continually ?—
“ A very present God—a God *with us* !
“ To him, then, who aspires to obtain

“ His lost integrity and former state—
“ Who panteth after ultimate perfection—
“ Death is depriv’d of many of his terrors.
“ We know it will but separate the soul
“ From that which holds it in mortality ;
“ Whence when escap’d, it will but wing its way
“ To mansions of eternal happiness.
“ O *Thirza*, if I quit my dust before thee—
“ Then let thy grief be short and moderate :
“ Rememb’ring that a few short years of life
“ Are nothing—weigh’d against eternity ;
“ When we shall meet again, to part no more.’
“ Then, O my soul, sink not beneath thy grief:
“ If this be so, inspiring are the thoughts
“ And great the consolations offer’d thee.
“ Recall to mind thy dignity and worth—
“ Reflect upon thine immortality—
“ Look far beyond the present life of death—
“ And see the full salvation which awaits thee.
“ Wert thou to perish with this fragile clay,
“ Where then would be my hope or constancy ?
“ What could assuage my sorrow in such case ?
“ Well might I then lament upon this grave,
“ And seek the termination of a life—
“ Heartless in present time—in prospect, hopeless.
“ But no—my spirit tells me I shall live !

“ Live after death—eternally—for ever !
“ Yet can I not control my outward grief :
“ My tears still flow, and I must yet awhile
“ Weep o'er the mouldering dust of him I lov'd.
“ Around the grave I will an arbour form
“ Of shady cypress and of solemn yew :
“ There will I mourn my loss ; and contemplate
“ In melancholy joy th' approaching hour
“ When my belov'd and I shall meet again
“ In spotless, stainless, sinless, deathless life.”

During this time *Cain* lay amongst the trees.
He wish'd to fly, but could not : fear restrain'd,
And fell remorse enthralld him : every word
Which *Thirza* utter'd, pierc'd him to the soul.
Her very prayer for pardon of his crime
Fell on his ear, and echo'd in his heart,
With all the bitterness of keen reproach.
He curs'd himself, his crime, and its results.
“ No, not the apostate Spirits in the abyss
“ Of lowest hell,” said he, “ feel more than I
“ The inward torment of the sting of guilt !
“ All pray’rs are vain, for they will not be heard—
“ Mercy is quench’d, and Justice reigns alone !”
He pass’d the grave ; advanc’d towards his home ;
But frequent stopp’d irresolute, and turn’d.
At length he reach’d his dwelling tremblingly ;

Stood long without, transfix'd in doubts and fears ;
Then, in the rashness of despair, he enter'd.
Mahala was alone upon her bed,
With eyes intent upon the pale moon-beams ;
Herself more pale than they. Her infant children
Lay beside her weeping. When she saw
The form of *Cain*, she gave a piercing shriek,
And backward fell : the infants, terrified,
Clung to his knees and cried, “ O father, father,
“ Help our dearest mother :—she is faint,
“ And sick with weeping for the loss of *Abel*.
“ He is dead—*Adam* has put him in the ground,
“ And cover'd him all over with the dirt.
“ Why have you been so long in coming home ?
“ Dear father, do give comfort to our mother !”
Quite overpower'd by conflicting passions,
Th' unhappy parent could no answer find
To give the innocents :—he wildly press'd them ;
While tears, in scalding drops, ran on their faces.
Unable longer to sustain his anguish,
He sank upon the earth beside *Mahala*.
The children now redoubl'd their alarms,
Which call'd their mother from her swooning state.
She saw her husband prostrate on the ground,
And cried ; “ O *Cain*, what is it thou hast done ? ”

“ Forgive me, he exclaim’d—forgive, *Mahala*,
“ The most unhappy murderer of thy brother !
“ I cast myself into the dust before thee :
“ I deprecate thy curses on my head :
“ I come to speak my guilt and misery :
“ And then I mean to fly from thee for ever.
“ Grant me this small and feeble consolation—
“ This only hope of wretchedness unequall’d :
“ Cursed of God thy husband is already—
“ I do beseech thee, add not thine thereto.”

“ Ah ! *Cain*,” she said, “ amidst the many woes
“ That thou hast heap’d upon my wretched head,
“ I cannot yet forget thou art my husband ;
“ I do compassionate and weep for thee.”

He answer’d, in his spirit’s bitterness ;
“ O fatal moment, when a dream from Hell
“ Deceiv’d and cheated me !—these little ones
“ Appear’d before me as the slaves of *Abel*.
“ To save them from a bondage to his sons,
“ I kill’d him—and for ever will the deed
“ Be present with me—punish me for ever !”

The children and *Mahala* gather’d round him.
“ Receive our tears,” she said, “ as certain proof
“ And token of forgiveness and compassion.
“ Then fly not, *Cain*, nor seek the desert’s waste ;

“ For how can we abide without thee here,
“ While thou, perhaps, art wretched and abandon'd,
“ And far away from us in solitude.
“ No—if thou goest, I will go with thee
“ How could I bear to think thee destitute
“ Of all relief—while wand'ring in the wilds ?
“ What cruel thoughts would hourly torment me !
“ Each breeze I heard would fill my mind with
 fear;
“ And every day and every night, perhaps,
“ Would paint you in the agonies of death,
“ Without a hand to succour or to aid you.”

“ Thy words, *Mahala*—thy consoling words
“ Have soften'd my despair : thou wilt not curse
 me.
“ It is enough ; thou never shalt partake
“ The punishment that's due to me alone.
“ No—stay thou here, remain in this abode,
“ Where, void of me, a heavenly blessing dwells :
“ My presence shall not make *thee* miserable.
“ Forget me—O forget thy wretched husband !”
 “ No, *Cain*, I cannot here remain without thee:
“ Whither thou goest, I will also go :
“ Our children shall go with us : we will share
“ Thy lot for good or ill, whate'er it be :

“ We can at least commingle tears with thee—
“ (Thy penitential tears with ours of sympathy)
“ Kneel by thy side, and join our pray’rs with
 thine,
“ Until a ray of grace illume thy soul,
“ And justify returning confidence.
“ Till then—live thou in hope, and trust in GOD.”
 “ O thou, cried *Cain*, by whatsoever name
“ Thou now art call’d or known ; to me thou art
“ As a most gracious and consoling angel !
“ O that I could but make thee sensible
“ Of what I feel ; of that deep gratitude
“ My soul doth owe thee ; of the o’erflowing gush
“ Of strong emotions which now overwhelm me !
“ O my *Mahala*, now I dare embrace thee !”

Here, at these words, he press’d her to his
breast;

Then, quitting her, he clasp’d his little ones.

This tender mother, this heroic wife,
Now sooth’d her infants—wip’d away their tears—
And, taking in her arms the youngest child,
Led forth another by his father’s side,
While *Eliel* and *Josiah*, full of life
And hope and joyousness, tripp’d on before them.
Thus did they leave their cot :—with weeping
eyes

Mahala saw the dwellings of her parents
And of *Thirza*. “Blessed be ye,” she said,
“O desolated and abandon’d family!
“I will return some day, and beg *your* blessing
“Upon my head—my children—and my husband.”

Now by the moon’s pale light they went their
way,
And, losing every trace of their abode,
Advanc’d into the wild and desert waste
Which ne’er had been impress’d by foot of man.

THE END.

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